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BUM TASTIC!

SQUEEZE THE WORLD'S SEXIEST BOTTOMS INSIDE!

SUPER BABES!

SEX ON THE CAT WALK!

PARTY ON! LUCY

IN HER BIRTHDAY SUIT!

KAREN KENNEDY

PAGE THREE STUNNA STRIPS FOR YOU!

MAGAZINE OF THE REAR 1994

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Three

page 5
Simone

page 21
Chelsea

page 29
Justine

Welcome to another scorching issue of the Radio Times... Oh, fuck! And everything seemed to be going so well. Still, you shouldn't be reading this bit anyway. You should be diving head-first into the host of horny babes we've got for you this month, including the stunning Simone, juicy Justine and gorgeous Karen.

You know, it's a marvel of modern medicine that I even managed to write this at all, after the night I've had! I feel like I've been pulled through with a fir tree after a jumbo jet landed on my head. Which is a strange coincidence, because that's exactly what could have happened...

You see, there I was, minding my own business at the bar of The George, doing a very good job of chatting up

page 12
Lucy

Thought of the month:
"It's hard for a girl to get a good pair of knickers these days" – Amanda, Battersea

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page 43
Sophie

a pint of Holsten and a rather cute packet of KP honey roasted peanuts, when this man came in flogging last year's Christmas trees. "Ere!" he said to me. "Wanna buy a dead Christmas tree with no needles and a broken bit on the top for thirty quid?"

"You've got to be joking!" I said, stopping him in his tracks. "I'm not giving you a penny more than twenty five for that pile of crap!"

I mean, I've been buying last year's dead Christmas trees for years and I know a rip-off when I see one. No one pulls the bullshit over my eyes!

So when I got home, I set up my new dead tree and waited for my latest gorgeous girlfriend with massive tits to come home and congratulate me on my bargain.

It's been fifteen hours now, and my latest gorgeous girlfriend with massive tits still hasn't turned up. Funny, that. I wonder where she's got to? Still, she'll be here soon. In the meantime I'll get stuck into my latest, greatest issue of Club and have a right good hand shandy!

P.S. I bet you're wondering what what happened to that jumbo jet, aren't you? Well, that bit was exaggerated bollocks. But I'm allowed to exaggerate because I'm the Editor, okay?

Thankyou. ♣

page 35
Karen

page 91
Samantha

page 70
Susie

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF.

HAPPY NEW REAR!

I've heard of starting the New Year with a bang, but nothing could have prepared me for the huge explosion of beautiful birds in the first issue of Club (Vol 23 No 1) in 1994!

I have to admit, I was left speechless. The cover first caught my eye: two girls together, one of them being the lovely Lucy. Wow! But things got even better inside the mag...

We finally saw Lucy getting to grips with another woman, the equally gorgeous Nikki. The sight of two women getting off on each other's bodies was an incredible turn-on. I just hope that we'll see loads more twosomes in 1994.

I feel I must also give a special mention to Romana. She's just the sort of girl that I adore: long, dark hair, sultry good looks and a pussy that looks good enough to eat. She's got the perfect blend of understated sexuality and come-to-bed eyes that leaves me positively foaming at the mouth! Surely an early vote must go to Romana for possessing the most mouthwateringly munchable pair of tits in 1994! I fully expect to see this gorgeous vision of lip-smacking loveliness at least a dozen times this year, please! – *Hayden, London*

OPEN WIDE!

My name is Toni, I'm 23-years-old and I work as a receptionist at a dental surgery in South London. I've been working there since I left college at 18, and although the work can get boring, I get on well with the other people. In particular, I have a good laugh with the other receptionist, Michelle.

In the time that I've worked there, the bosses have changed our uniforms four or five times; each time getting a little more revealing. At the moment the uniforms are made of thin, white cotton and they measure in at about five of six inches above the knee. They are tight-fitting and split at the hip, which means that they reveal quite a lot of thigh.

Last summer Michelle and I had a bit of a competition at the surgery. We're both tall, good-looking girls and are proud of our bodies, so we decided to see which one of us could dress the most daring. The two of us would wear stockings, suspenders and high-cut panties at work, which were all clearly visible through the uniforms.

Sometimes, when we were feeling very naughty, we'd even come into work and peel off our panties and bras and gleefully watch the reactions of all around us as they ogled our bodies. One day last July, I decided to go home on the train dressed like that – and that was when the fun really started...

I left work and took my usual route home towards the tube station. The weather was very warm, and as I walked I could feel the hot air against my thighs making my pussy feel all sticky.

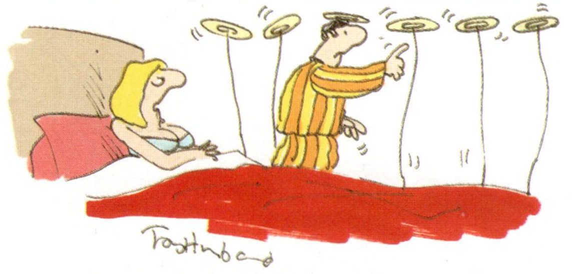
As I approached the station, I could see a group of fellas refitting a shop next door and as I got closer, they all stopped their work and stared at me. "Hello, darling," shouted one of them. "Why don't you use the short cut and give us all a treat, eh?!"

I looked over and saw that he was pointing towards a four-foot high wall. "How do you expect me to get over that?" I asked teasingly.

Two of the fellas quickly came out of the shop, then one of them leapt over the wall and beckoned me forward. "C'mon, darling," he said. "We'll give you a hand over." Before I had a chance to say anything, the bloke on my side lifted me up by the waist and had virtually thrown me over his shoulder. Suddenly I heard a chorus of wolf-whistles, then I felt cool air licking over my thighs and bum.

I landed rather indignantly on the other side, then looked down to see that my uniform had ridden up and that I was revealing my suspenders and a glimpse of my pubic hair and bare bum. "Ooops," I giggled, smoothing my hands over my uniform. "I don't think that was supposed to happen!" I leaned forward over the wall, winked at the group of fellas and then walked off for my tube. As I reached the ticket hall, a crescendo of whistles rang in my ears.

I eventually reached home, then remembered I'd left my



"You don't seem to have any time for me anymore..."

UNPOPULIST

We reveal ten terrors that'll send you screaming to the pub over Easter...

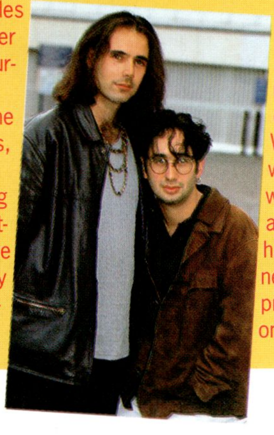
1) Supposedly clever Creme Egg commercials
2) Florists charging a fortune for half-dead daffodils left over from Mother's Day
3) *Songs Of Praise Easter Special* with Thora 'old biddy' Hird
4) Paying £4.99 for an Easter egg with five chocolate buttons inside 'cos it's shaped like a rabbit
5) Stale baps masquerading as hot cross buns at twice the usual price
6) All the shops shutting on Good Friday
7) Another fucking Disney Time with Sarah Greene
8) Ten-mile tailbacks on every road to the coast
9) Four days off with bloody awful weather
10) The streets clogged with noisy schoolkids on holiday *again...* ♣

DOUBLE AXED!

Club endeavours to find brand new partners for hilarious comedy duo, **Newman and Baddiel...**

See that student rag mag that looks really scruffy, but occasionally has the odd good joke and is now falling apart? That's Newman and Baddiel, that is.

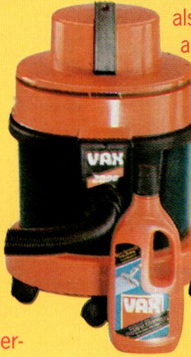
Yes, the double-act who dress as designer down-and-outs are splitting up. The one with the wet mouth and the spectacles can no longer stand the surreal hippy who does the funny voices, but we've been looking for new partners who are just as funny as their current ones.



And where better to search for dull, inanimate objects than in the Argos catalogue!

For instance, Dave's new comedy cohort can be found on page 190, the **Morphy Richards three-pint jug kettle** (£15.50). Like Baddiel, the Morphy Richards is a household name for letting off steam and then rapidly going off the boil. What's more it will make tea whenever he asks it to, handy in a partner. Slim and overpriced, the kettle only suffers from incompatibility on one count. It's rather neat and tidy.

Perhaps he'd be better off with the **Black and Decker cordless Trim 'n' Edge** (£49.99). Used to getting close to weeds, this cutting comedy partner is, like David's jokes, sharp but harmless. The strimmer is also as popular as Baddiel, regarded by some as clever and adaptable, and by others as something that whines constantly to little effect.



Rob Newman, said by many (mainly himself) to be the keys in my jacket. My flatmates weren't due in for another hour or so, so I nipped around to see my neighbours, Justin and Peter. They work as self-employed removal men, and were down in the car park washing their van. I explained that I'd been locked out, then Peter asked if I wanted to help and threw over a sponge. It was soaking wet and hit me right on the chest; soaking straight through my uniform and revealing the outline of my breasts, my nipples protruding like acorns.

Justin and Peter could hardly keep their eyes off me – and I was loving it. First my experience at the station – and now this! I could feel myself getting randier by the second...

Justin then suggested that I should lather up my sponge and wipe the sides of the van, then Peter would follow with the hose and spray off the suds. At that point, Justin was on his knees cleaning the wheels and I could see him out of the corner of my eye peering up my uniform. I teased him by stretching and bending even more, really winding him up with a good eyeful of my minge.

By now, Peter had almost caught up with me and was spraying very close beside

Continued on page 10

brains of the outfit, is used to putting in a lot of effort to get nothing in return except a pain in the arse. The **DP Eurotone rowing machine** (£99.99) would be just as effective in that department as Baddiel, and folds up just as easily as he does when interviewed. However, on the whole, we think he would be better suited with the **Britax Baby Buggy** (£79.99). Like Mr Newman it is used to carrying immature people, but prone to being a bit wobbly.

But the real solution would be for this ailing partnership to stay together and replace their audience instead. In which case, we would recommend a collection of **Electrolux Dolphin Wet 'n' Dry vacuum cleaners** (£119). Ideal for Newman and Baddiel fans – big suckers who'll accept any old shite! ♣

Photographs by Franco Marocco

simone

Something slightly odd sprang to mind when we first saw these pictures of sexy Simone reclining happily in her boudoir. Do our eyes deceive us, Simone, or is that really a single bed?!

"You're right," admits the 20-year-old sheepishly. "But beds are made for sleeping in – and that's the last thing on my mind!

"You should see the fun I have in the bathroom though," laughs the dark-haired beauty. "I don't think even your readers can real-

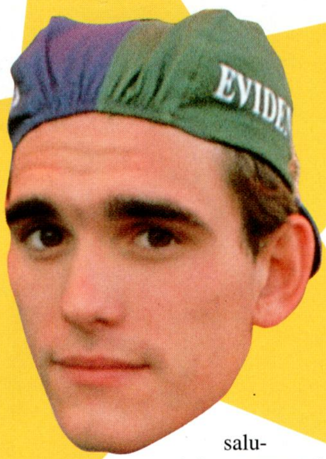
ly imagine the fun I can have with a fella, a shower head and a bottle of foaming bath oil!

"And you'd be amazed at the saucy antics I get up to on a sheepskin rug with a bottle of baby oil and a lithe-bodied hunk. You couldn't do that in a bed!"

Okay, we get the idea, Simone! ♣

STAR SPOT

Matt Dillon is rich, good-looking and a film star too. Club's *Mark Stein* met the man who doesn't even have any trouble getting served at the bar...



Imagine the scene: you walk into a hospital and you meet a pretty nurse who gives you a hard-on the size of a space-shuttle. Next thing you know you're back at her place and she's standing in front of you in a short skirt, inviting you to rub her amply-proportioned boobs. Before you can say General Hospital, she's sucking on your stethoscope of a stiffy and discharging your load. Sounds familiar? Nope? Well it would be if your name was Matt Dillon and you'd just starred in his latest film, *Mr Wonderful*. In fact, our Matt gets to shag his leading lady in almost every film he makes... Kelly Lynch, Sean Young, Mary-Louise Parker.

In real-life too, Matt gets approached by women all the time. Last time he was over in England, Matt went to a trendy club in Chelsea and spent the entire evening at the bar slowly supping beer. When he decided he'd had enough, he simply walked up to the best-looking girl there and nodded his head at her. Seconds later, they left the club together. Cool, huh?

Matt Dillon is hard to dislike and, if anything, is actually rather shy. "How-zit-goin'?" are the unmistakable New Yoik syllables which he greets you with. He's down-to-earth and friendly, though not too friendly. "Generally, I'm a private person," he says. "I don't really like to talk about what I'm doing with anybody." Unlike a lot of his acting peers – Charlie Sheen, Rob Lowe, Tom Cruise – he wasn't born into a showbiz family. The youngest of six, he comes from a middle-class Irish-American family from upstate New York.

Nowadays, despite being successful and with a few quid in his pocket, Matt still prefers life at ground level. He'll hang out at the downtown bars where he's on first name terms with the locals.

"For Matt, we're open any time," says the owner of his favourite bar, NYC's Shark Bar.

Even a recent holiday to the more salubrious surroundings of Barcelona saw him go out on a bit of a low-budget binge. "I got carried away there," he confesses with a reminiscing chuckle. "I was slumming it. In the end I had to check into a three-star hotel, just so that I could use the phone."

"To be honest, women scare the hell out of me"

On a visit to a local, but decidedly upmarket New York club, Matt was hanging around in the VIP lounge that had a glass partition separating him from the regular punters. As he was leaning with his bum pressed against the glass, an enthusiastic crowd of girls started stroking and kissing it through the glass.

There was even a time when Matt couldn't remember his own phone number. He'd had to change it so many times after eager women had continually traced it, they were phoning him at all hours of the night screaming and panting down the phone. But ask Matt about the fact that women are gagging to blow a tune on his skin flute, and he plays it down...

"To be honest, they scare the hell out of me," he confesses, adding that he can't see himself getting involved in anything, you know, serious. "I don't want a steady girlfriend to get in the way of what I'm doing. They expect me to be this really amiable guy who'll take them out to brunch... which ain't really me."

He reckons he's not interested in putting it about any more either. "It used to be easy for me to cheat on a girlfriend," he readily admits. "But these days I can't lie any more."

So let's get down to specifics here, Matt. Are you into anything, er, a bit kinky? Rubber, perhaps? Blancmange? Drum majorettes? Handcuffs? "Handcuffs are kinky," he laughs. "Kinky, dangerous and erotic. But if I'm with someone I like, she doesn't need the handcuffs to turn me on. We can get into that stuff later!"

If indeed there is a later. He's not the sort to alter his routine for a woman and prefers to hang out with the guys – something which has given him a reputation as a hard man. Although it was more the people he associated with, rather than his own toughness. "He hung out with a rough crowd," recalls an old school friend. "They were sort of desperadoes. Matt didn't beat people up, but his friends did."

A little surprising then to discover that before he considered acting, Matt wanted to be a priest. And although that ambition is long past, there are still some catholic traditions he appears to hang onto. Like his attitude to condoms: does he wear one?

Matt thinks for a moment – a cheeky smile slowly spreading across his face – before uttering a resounding: "Nahhhh!"

What a guy... ♣

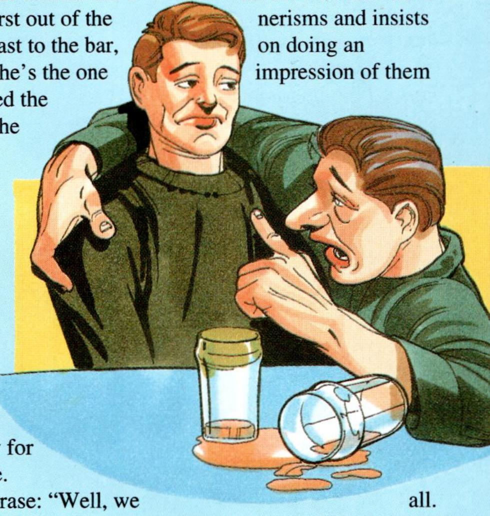
CLUB INTERNATIONAL

GUIDE T

With friends like these, who needs enemies? **Stan Dincount** provides his guide to the muckers who muck up your life...

THE SPONGER

This fella will always stick by you in a crisis – his crisis! Whenever he runs out of fags or forgets his wallet, he's so far up your arse he can tickle your tonsils. He's always the first out of the cab and the last to the bar, even though he's the one who instigated the night out in the first place. Even after you've bought him drinks all night and kept him in fags and crisps, he still tries to tap you for a tenner to pay for his cab home. Favourite phrase: "Well, we are mates, aren't we?"



THE OLD SCHOOL MATE

This is the guy who turns up at your house uninvited when you've just settled down to an Indian and Match Of The Day. You haven't seen him for ten years, but he insists on being invited in. Very soon you realise that all you have in common is your brief period in school, but unfortunately, he remembers every second of that in perfect detail. He can recall everyone's nicknames (including yours) and all the teachers' mannerisms and insists on doing an impression of them all. He won't accept that times have changed, because for him they haven't. Favourite phrase: "Do you remember old...?"

THE WORK MATE

Like your old School Mate, it only takes a few minutes to realise that you have only one thing in common. The difference is that the Work

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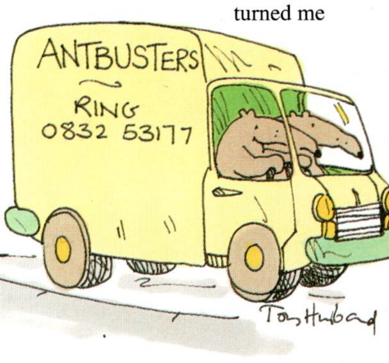
in the bag

continued from page 5

me. I could feel a fine mist moving up my arm and over my uniform as he sprayed over me onto the roof. I looked over to see that Justin had stopped washing and was standing there watching me, his eyes wide. It was then that I realised my uniform was so wet, it had become totally transparent; showing off my suspenders and a triangle of bushy, black pubes.

I slowly worked my way around to the back of the van, then opened up the doors and climbed in. I lay back on the floor and parted my legs. Peter appeared then, and his chin almost hit the floor as he saw me lying there with my pussy fully exposed. "Come on in," I giggled. "I'm ready for anything!"

He quickly jumped in the back and his mouth moved to meet my feet and he started sucking my toes and kissing his way up my thighs. Then in one movement, he turned me



YOUR MATES

Mate is also pumping you for information about what colleagues/bosses think about him and his chances of promotion. Although he makes out that he will stand by you forever, in fact he will shit on you from a very great height at the first opportunity or whenever he thinks it will make him look good. Remember that everything you say to him will be taken down and used as ammunition against you. Favourite phrase: "So what do you really think of so-and-so?"

THE PISS ARTIST

The Piss Artist only loves one thing – drinking. He will be mates with anyone who is going to the pub, and will do anything to stay there. When you finally drag yourself away from him, he will be accosting other people, trying to be friends with them... just so long as he can carrying on drinking. By closing time, you are the only real mate he has. He will have his arm around you, insisting on telling you again and again what a great mate you are, even though the night before he was calling you a cunt 'cos you didn't fancy going to the pub again. Favourite phrase: "No, lisshhen, you're a good lad, you are. I fucking love you..."

THE CLING-ON

You've finally managed to cop off with the blonde beauty at the bar. Her body language is so explicit, it would have to be re-dubbed for television. Unfortunately you have a mate with you, and he's a Cling-On. This race is so under-developed they haven't learnt to take a hint. No amount of quietly suggesting he goes home will get you anywhere. Even when you have your arm round her and your tongue down her throat, he's there watching, then tapping you on the shoulder to show you his holiday snaps. This guy is harder to get rid of than skid-marks. Favourite phrase: "Oh, you two are going to the pictures. Great! I've always fancied seeing *Basic Instinct*."

FAIR WEATHER FRIEND

By contrast, there's the Fair Weather Friend. All the time you are well-off, happy and surrounded by beautiful girls, Old FWF will be there, ever anxious to help. As soon as you're a bit short for cash or pissed off at being dumped and really fancy a good drink and a chat, he is unavailable. What he really wants is a good time, not a good friend. Don't worry, as soon as things get better, he'll be back! Favourite phrase: "Oh, pull yourself together..."

THE FRIEND OF YOUR GIRL-FRIEND

Go out for a drink with this guy and all you'll ever get is, "So is Sandra coming out tonight then? When is she turning up? Are you sure she's definitely coming out tonight? Shouldn't you really phone just to make sure?". That's because he's really only interested in her, and you're just a means of being with her. The moment she arrives, you'll be ignored whilst he plies her with drinks and his attempts at chatting up. The moment you go to the bar, he'll be right in there telling her what a bastard you are, so drink shorts and get him to go instead. Favourite phrase: "I don't know why you go out with him..."

THE GOOD MATE

He's fun to be with, will disappear when not wanted, but is always prepared to spend the entire evening getting the drinks in and listening to all your problems. He's got money and is prepared to spend it but doesn't flash it about. Your girlfriend likes him, but prefers you. He's charming, clever, witty, but has one serious failing. He doesn't exist. ♣

around onto all fours and pulled my uniform off. My bum was poking high in the air and I reached back and eased apart my pussy lips.

Justin's head poked around the door, then he jumped into the front seat, unzipped his flies and pulled out his cock. I moved forward, shaking my hips from side-to-side and my lips met Justin's thick shaft. I eagerly worked my tongue around the head of his cock, before gulping his length down my throat. Peter was still behind me and I felt him licking my bum cheeks and then easing a couple of fingers into my slit. His digits probed my sticky hole and I came as soon as he started to work his magic on me. As I sucked hard on Justin's cock, I felt Peter

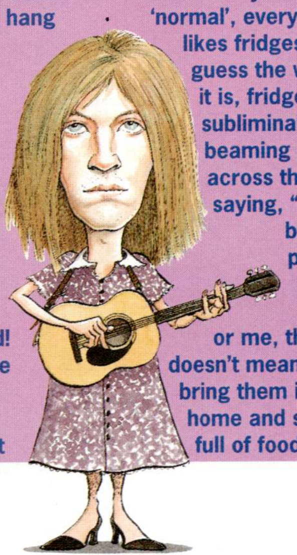
continued on page 90

The Lemonheads' Amazing Believe It Or, Like, Not Slot

Lemonhead, **Evan Dando**, is a keen collector of astounding facts. Now, exclusively in Club, he opens his files...

Socks are, like, amazing things, man. 'Cos, y'know all of those dudes who work and get really stressed trying to figure out the difference between the left and the right sock? Well there isn't any – they're both the same. And what a lot of really great philosophers (like The Orb) think is that socks were sent to us from outer space to give us a message. They're telling us, like, "Hey! He may be left and I may be right, but underneath society's labels we're all made of the same polyester-cotton mix. We can all hang out together!"

Fridges are heavy. Y'know, like, when you go outside your house, it's colder than it was inside? Well fridges are the opposite way around! It's cooler inside them than it is outside them. Weird, huh? But even though they're not what society would call 'normal', everybody likes fridges. So, I guess the way I see it is, fridges are a subliminal message beaming out across the world saying, "Hey! Just because a person is different from you or me, that doesn't mean we can't bring them into our home and stuff them full of food!"



A couple of months ago, I discovered these guys called **Women.** Unlike guys, women are really in touch with their feminine side. Cool, huh? Women can, like, just go up to a guy in a public place and hug and kiss him and they're just not phased out about it at all! You see, a guy just couldn't do that without getting all uptight – because guys aren't in touch with their feminine sides. I guess what these women dudes are is some kinda message from our subconscious that's telling us, "Hey, guys! It's cool to hug and kiss each other!"

Evan returns next month with more zany facts about hoola hoops, chairs and toast... ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday dear Lucy, happy birthday to me! Yes it's my favourite time of year; the day when I can lay in bed and get spoilt rotten by all my hunky boyfriends coming round and showering me (in prezzies, silly!). Not that different from other days, I admit, but this year I thought I'd do something special and throw a party!

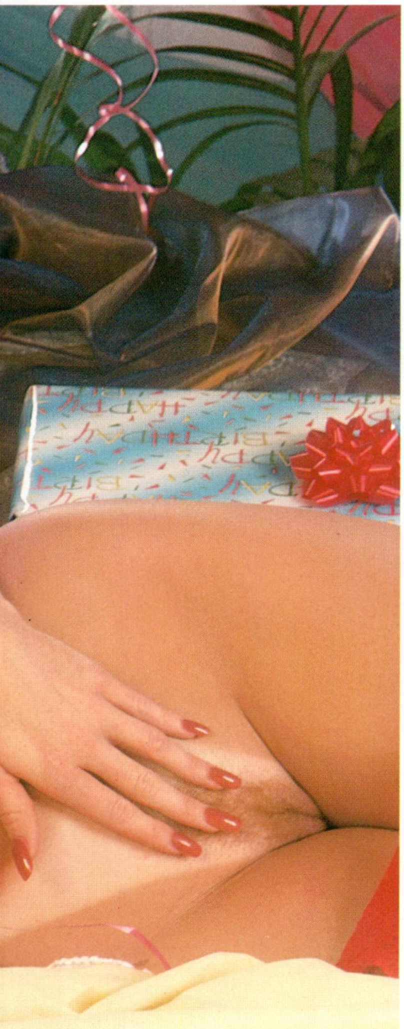
So I rang all my friends and told them to be at mine by about eight, bought loads of booze and bits to nibble on (even though the best nibbles would be coming later!) and took *off* my best party frock — yup, it was going to be that sort of party!

Soon my little pad was in full swing and crammed to the walls with hot, sweating bodies. I was in a great mood because I'd been given lots of wonderful presents and everyone took their cue from me, so when someone suggested we play a few party games the place really went wild!

We were playing Postman's Knockers, Blind Man's Muff, Strip Poker and Kinky Kiss Chase. After playing our version of Naked Twister none of us could sit down for a week! Still, at least the neighbours couldn't complain. Mind you, how could they? They were in the kitchen playing Hide the Sausage!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.



LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
After seeing the pictures of you behind the camera with Nikki in Club (Vol 23 No 1), I just had to write in and tell you how fantastic you looked. I'm an amateur photographer and I've been fantasising about getting you into my studio...

I've set up the lights in the studio and I'm waiting in anticipation for you to emerge from the make-up room. When you finally do, I can hardly believe my eyes. You're wearing a black rubber dress that accentuates your lovely curves and you flash me a wide grin as you start to pose in front of the camera. Your ample boobs are tightly wrapped in the dress and they look absolutely mouthwatering. You fix me with a lusty stare, then slowly peel the top of your dress down and your lovely boobs fall free.

"Do you like these?" you ask, pushing them together and caressing your pert nipples. I nod vigorously and continue snapping away, my prick hardening by the second. "Why don't you come around this side of the camera?" you purr. You wiggle your bum and invite me to peel off your dress. I quickly pull it down over your hips, then start to kiss and lick your cheeks. You're moaning loudly as you spread your legs wide, allowing me access to your pussy. I ease two fingers inside you and start to rub your clitty. I can feel you begin to shake as an orgasm spreads through your body, then you call out my name: "Pete! Oooh, that's lovely..."

It certainly would be, Lucy! How about it? – *Pete, Dagenham*

You've certainly painted a very sexy picture, Pete! I love getting my photograph taken for Club, knowing that all you horny fellas out there are getting turned on just by looking at me. When I get turned on that much, I can't resist slipping a hand between my legs and frigging myself to an intense climax. Now that would be worth taking pictures of, don't you think?!

Dear Lucy,
I don't know if you get many letters from women, but after seeing your erotic photographs I knew I had to write in and thank you for revolutionising my sex life...

My boyfriend, Alex, buys Club especially to see your photos, then I re-enact your spread just for him! Our favourite pics were of you dressed as a waitress, I even went and bought one of those uniforms just like the one you were wearing!

We are both big fans of yours, Lucy, and we'd love to see you dressed up in horse-riding gear – your bum would look great firmly encased in tight jodphurs.

Anyhow, thanks for the pleasure you've given us and we look forward to seeing your pictures again next month! – *Sally, London*

It's great to know that you're getting pleasure from seeing me in Club, Sally! I love to get letters from other women telling me how much they like my pictures – it's a real turn-on for me. As for the horse-riding gear, I've put your idea to The Ed, so keep your eyes peeled... – ***Lucy*** ♣

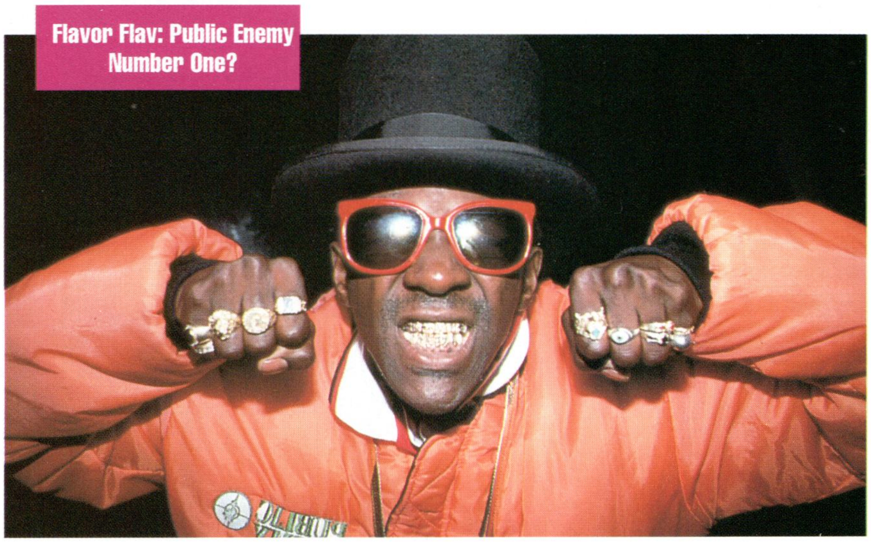
HAPPY BIRTHDA

HAPPY BIRTHDA

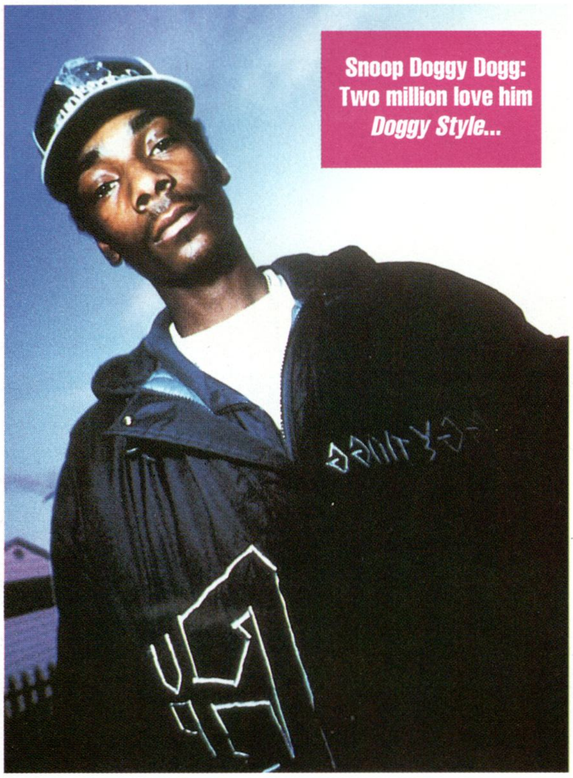
HAPPY BIRTHDA

JAILHOUSE RAPPERS

They're even tougher than Mr Blobby, but have hardcore rappers in America gone too far? **James T Bone** investigates gangsta rap...



Flavor Flav: Public Enemy Number One?



Snoop Doggy Dogg: Two million love him *Doggy Style*...

Eddie Vedder of Pearl Jam has done it, so has Axl Rose and Nirvana's Kurt Cobain... It seems that getting arrested and then talking about it at length is currently in vogue – unless you're Michael Jackson, of course.

However, a new breed of hardcore rappers has shot to fame in the United States and they're set to makes the likes of Eddie, Axl and Kurt look like complete pansies.

Leading the pack is **Snoop Doggy Dogg**, whose debut album *Doggy Style* is released here in the UK this month. The record has sold over two million copies Stateside; but the 22-year-old from Los Angeles may not be around for long to enjoy its success.

He's currently out on bail of $1,000,000 after being charged following an alleged incident last year when police say the rapper drove the getaway car the day his bodyguard, McKinley Lee, shot and killed a 24-year-old, Phillip Woldermariam.

Snoop Doggy Dogg – real name Calvin Broadus – has pleaded not guilty and last month, just after being charged with murder one, his eagerly awaited album shot to number one on America's Billboard charts. But Snoop Doggy Dogg isn't the only rapper who's in trouble at the moment...

Axl Rose: Big girl's blouse...

❐ As reported in this very column last year **Dr Dre** – Snoop Doggy Dogg's producer and ex-Niggaz With Attitude frontman – is currently serving two years' probation for three assaults; including an attack on an MTV presenter that left the rapper facing a $24million lawsuit.

❐ **Flavor Flav**, Public Enemy's frenetic rapper, was recently arrested in New York after brandishing a firearm, then chasing his neighbour down 23 flights of stairs before firing on him. Flav later checked into the Betty Ford clinic to dry out.

❐ **Tupac Shakur**, a 22-year-old rapper and actor from Los Angeles, was recently arrested and charged with sexual assault, after an alleged incident where Shakur and two friends assaulted a 20-year-old. The charges came just three weeks after he was booked in Atlanta, Georgia following a shoot-out that left two policemen with bullet wounds. Shakur is presently out on bail of $55,000.

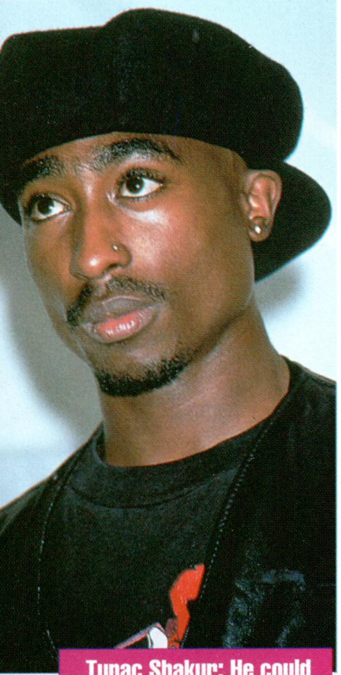
Lisa B: She's not a gangsta and hasn't shot a cop – she's just bloomin' gorgeous!

The arrests and subsequent charges come after a significant twelve months for rap music that began when **Ice T** was dropped by Warner Bros after the controversy surrounding his song, *Cop Killer*. Despite intense pressure from right-wing groups, record companies have been quick to pick up the trend and are marketing 'gangsta' rap as the worst music your mums have ever heard – as they did with rock 'n' roll back in the 1950s.

Typically with such trends, the losers in this $700-million-a-year industry look set to be the artists, while the record companies, as ever, will be lining their fat pockets.

But then some things never change, eh?

● On a lighter note, **Mark Lamar** may be tempted to head for sunnier climes for the forthcoming Easter break, but it looks as if Jamaica wouldn't be the ideal place for the quiffed one to visit. Last year, *The Word* presenter attacked ragga star **Shabba Ranks** – the nation's proudest export – over homophobic comments he made on the late-night C4 programme. Now radio and television programmes in the country regularly repeat the interview, and in a recent magazine survey he was voted the most hated man in the country.



Tupac Shakur: He could never find a cop... then along came two!

Presumably Terry Christian came second...

- **Fantastic Facts Number Three**: Did you know that songwriter Martin Gore – the little fella with the blonde bubble perm and penchant for leather dresses in **Depeche Mode** – is worth over £20 million? Of course, you did.

- Finally, you'd be as likely to see the impossibly gorgeous **Lisa B** on the catwalk in Milan or Paris as you would on *Top Of The Pops* or *The Chart Show*. The 23-year-old model and singer has just released a single – *You And Me* – and if she sounds as good as she looks, then we're looking at a surefire number one. Sure beats Mr Blobby anyway... ♣

Ice T: Not a *Dixon Of Dock Green* fan, apparently...

Photographs By Maria Clarke

chelsea

A fervent regular on London's club scene, Chelsea took a welcome break from shaking her rump on the capital's dancefloors to go through a few more sedate moves for the benefit of Club readers.

"I've been told I make love the same way that I dance," announces the 19-year-old gleefully. "And I know I put a lot of effort into my dancing!

"I like to really swing my hips and shake my bum from side-to-side," she reveals. "It looks incredibly erotic and sensual, and it gives a fella an idea of what to expect

when I get him between the sheets later on in the night!

"I'll fix him with a lusty stare, then tell him I'm going to take him around the best sights Chelsea has to offer. Then there's no way he can resist coming back to my place and shaking more than just a leg!" ♣

JACK ON THE BOX!

It's time to preview the video releases with Club's vid viewer and Betamax aficionado, **Dean Isherwood**...

Five Easy Pieces
Certificate: 15
ITC Home Video

Available for the first time on video, this acclaimed 1970 drama stars Jack Nicholson as Robert Dupea, a gifted pianist who rejects his privilged upbringing and drifts between jobs and women. A family crisis sees him returning to his home where he meets and falls in love with his brother's fiancee.

The brilliant direction by Bob Rafelson echoes *Easy Rider* and *The Graduate*, and this film comes highly recommended to Nicholson fans.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓

JACK NICHOLSON
FIVE EASY PIECES
Now Available On Video For The First Time
ITC
Love is a game. Easy to start. Hard to finish.
bridget fonda
campbell scott
kyra sedgwick
matt dillon
singles
A murdered wife. A one armed man. An obsessed detective. The chase begins.
HARRISON FORD IS THE FUGITIVE

Singles
Certificate: 15
Warner Home Video

Heralded more for its soundtrack than cinematic content when it was first released last year, *Singles* will disappoint those who only watch this film hoping to catch a glimpse of Seattle's (then) burgeoning music scene.

The story follows the lives of six friends all sharing the same apartment block. Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda are the principal players in this endearing film; falling in and out of love while all around them do likewise. It's a familiar story, but the clever script makes the film refreshing.

Billed as a romantic comedy, you're never really left in any doubt that by the end of the film everyone gets their man (or woman) and things will turn out just right. Hey, great soundtrack too...

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

The Fugitive
Certificate: 15
Warner Home Video

Already a huge smash on the big screen, this film looks set to repeat that acclaim when it comes onto the rental market this month.

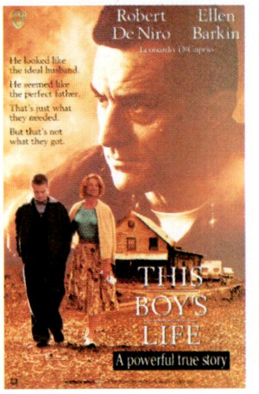
Harrison Ford plays Dr Richard Kimble, a prominent surgeon who is wrongly accused of his wife's murder, and sentenced to death, although he escapes en-route to jail. Here begins his struggle to prove his innocence, hampered by the fact that he's the subject of an intense manhunt by the authorities.

The film is engaging and will not disappoint fans of Ford; but what is worrying is that *The Fugitive* is the first in a long line of remakes due to hit the screen soon. The Hollywood power brokers seem content to raid archive television material, providing them with cinema successes. Sadly the main casualty of this trend will be adventurous and challenging film-making, which *The Fugitive* – although entertaining – is evidently not.

Rating: ✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
This Boy's Life
Certificate: 15
Warner Home Video

Released to coincide with the Channel 4 season of De Niro films (starting on 6th March), this movie should hopefully receive a warmer response on video than it did when it when it hit the big screen last year.


Robert De Niro
Ellen Barkin
Leonardo DiCaprio
He looked like the ideal husband.
He seemed like the perfect father.
That's just what they needed.
But that's not what they got.
THIS BOY'S LIFE
A powerful true story

Set in the 1950s, it tells the story of Caroline Wolff, a divorcee with a teenage son, Toby, who are both travelling across America. High on hope, but low on money her efforts to start a new life seem as ill-fated as her past. Things soon change for the better when she meets Dwight Hansen, played by De Niro.

Toby is not impressed with his mother's smooth-talking new suitor, but Caroline is tempted by the hope of a home for herself and her son. Caroline accepts Dwight's proposal of marriage and soon finds herself in a grim town near Washington. Worse still, it becomes apparent that her husband is a volatile, bullying tyrant.

De Niro recently received his sixth Oscar nomination, and his performance is *This Boy's Life* strengthens his reputation as the finest actor of his generation. A fierce, uncompromising film, it's De Niro at his very best... yet again.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓

Other recommended releases: *The Baby Of Macon, Like Water For Chocolate, Grand Hotel, The Story Of Qui Ju.* ♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

DICK HEAD?

Francis Mandin can't get enough cock. Whilst some people are sad enough to want to study stamps or collect coins, wanky Frankie derives his pleasure from getting his hands on wangers. Sometimes his friends give him the willies after their trips abroad, others he has bought himself. His house is now packed to the rafters with dodgy todgers of all shapes, sizes, and colours. Now the sorry social inadequate has over a thousand phalluses to play with.

PLANE STUPID

I am standing here deep in the heart of war-torn Bosnia with bullets and shells whistling around my head, *writes Club War Correspondent, Kate Shady*. The Serbs and Croatians are battling it out for control of the capital which is a bit unfortunate as this story actually comes from an airfield in America...

The American Air Force is getting smaller. The end of the Cold War not only means we have fewer colds, but that the Pentagon has been forced to shrink their vast fleet of fighters to pay for more vital needs, like Chelsea Clinton's zit cream.

Here we bring you the first exclusive pictures of USAF's Commander-In-Chief 'Steaming Norman Schwankoff' reviewing the Air Force. As you can see, it now consists of just one plane and that's barely eight foot long. Pentagon bosses say it's a lot cheaper, more fuel-efficient and completely bloody useless, actually. So why the hell did you get me out of bed to talk about this crap?

Bastards! Sod this for a game of soldiers, I'm off to Beirut for a holiday. ♣

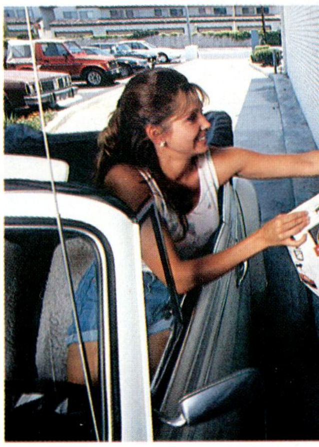
CASUAL TEA

If you're ever passing this former fast food joint, for God's sake don't ask for a hot dog, 'cos chances are you'll be given a Jack Russell terrier with a temperature of 102 degrees.

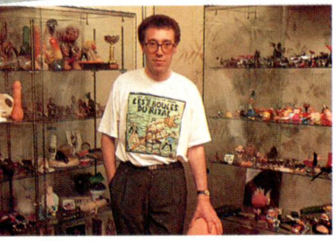
This one-time take-away in America is now a drive-in pet hospital where, instead of picking up a piece of fried chicken, you can put down a cute, little puppy. All creatures great and small can be handed through the hatch where they will be cut up and cured, not covered in breadcrumbs and deep fried. Honest.

No, here the only things 'to go' are the terminally-ill tortoises, and the only Hot Wings belong to the budgies with third-degree burns. You'll be pleased to know that most animals emerge restored to perfect health.

But the establishment has led to some confusion. Dozens of daft Americans *(Are there any other sort? – The Ed)* have mistaken their McDonalds



The biggest cock he's laid his hands on is one he bought in a Parisian flea market. The stupidest?



Well, take your pick...

He's got glass cocks, cocks made of wood, plasticine cocks and, would you believe it?, pickled cocks! He even tried to get his hands on the much-publicised wanger of that poor bastard in America, who's wife chopped his pride and joy off with a kitchen knife. Sadly, for Francis at least, they managed to sew the thing back on.

Frankie, as you may have guessed, is French and says that he was inspired to start his collection by his father who, quite unbelievably, was also daft about dicks. Cocks, you could say, run in his family... ♣

for a doggy hospital and handed in their hound... only to have it returned in a polystyrene punnet with large fries and a shake. What's more it tasted better than a Big Mac!

N.B. The Club lawyer would like us to point out that the last paragraph was a tissue of lies. The other bit was true though. No, really. ♣

justine

Photographs by Roberto Rocchi

Nineteen-year-old Justine happily admits to having a huge appetite, though not necessarily for food! "I think I'm addicted to sex," admits the French-born beauty. "Although I'm glad to say that I haven't found a cure yet – not that I'm looking too hard!

"I just can't resist starting the day with a good bonk,"

she giggles, reclining on her bed. "Nothing else quite puts that spring in my step as feeling a man kissing his way up the inside of my thighs, then gently tongueing my pussy. Ooooh, bliss!

"My only problem is men – they just can't seem to keep up with me," she admits with a wicked sparkle in her eye. "Are there any volunteers out there who think they're up to the job?"

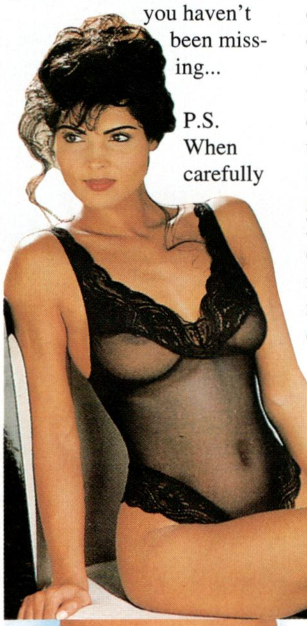
Form an orderly queue, fellas! ♣

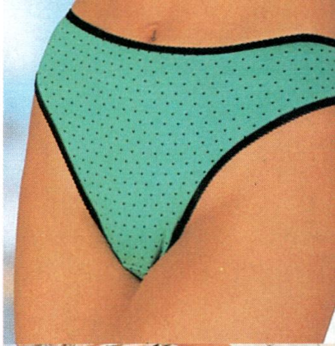
MUCKY PICTURES

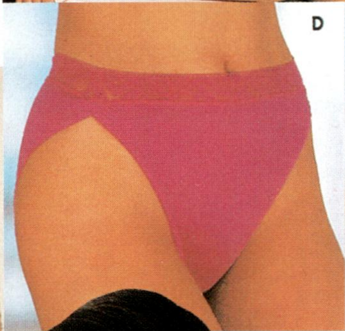
In an effort to fill half a page with something sexy, we take a backwards glance at life before Club...

Remember those bygone days, not so long ago, when you were either too young or too shy to buy your copy of Club International? Life wasn't too good way back then, was it? But you still got by, like the rest of us, on the mildly saucy underwear section from your mum's brand-new catalogue. Remember the heady anticipation on hearing the latest *Kays* or *Littlewoods* catalogue dropping through your letterbox? While the pictures never quite went far enough for your liking, you could still spot the odd nipple through a lacy bra, or a dark patch of pubes through a pair of skimpy knickers, if you looked hard enough. So we've lovingly selected the very best of the snaps from the latest catalogues just to give you a reminder of what you haven't been missing...

P.S. When carefully researching this in-depth look at the sexy world of consumer catalogues, it soon came to our attention that one of the best sources of teenage tittillation has sadly disappeared without trace – the Shower Shot. Despite scouring through every single catalogue that the Editor's mum had on her coffee table for a picture of a naked girl looking coy in a new power shower, we just couldn't find a single one. So we'd like to take this opportunity to ask the catalogue companies to please revive this tremedously important part of every man's puberty and get those birds back in the showers. Pronto! Thank you.♣







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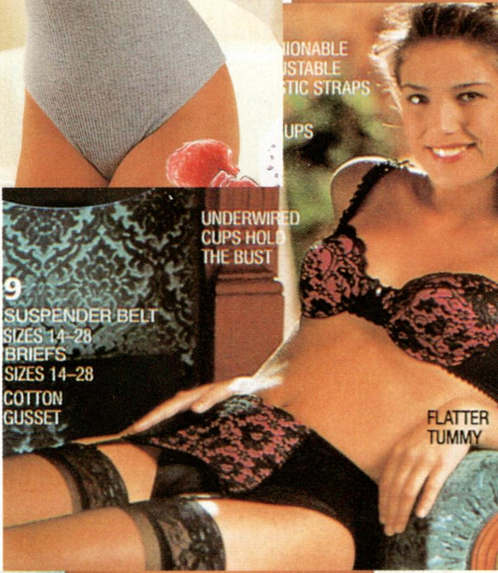
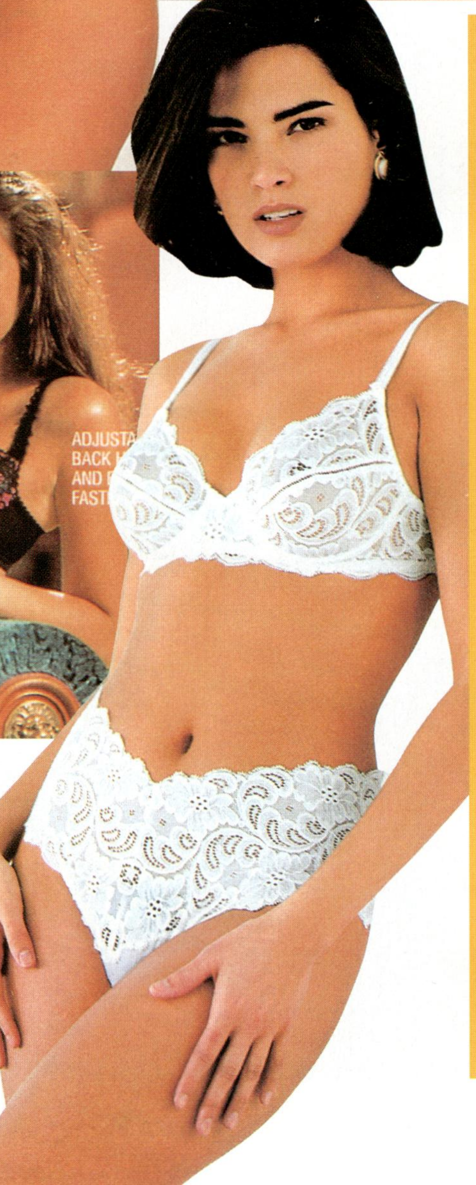
PACK OF TWO





TREND SETTERS

In the first of a new series, Club's hip young dudes furnish you with the cut-out-and-keep essentials you'll need to be a trendy bastard...

No 1: The goatee beard

No self-respecting jazz freak or beatnik should be without a goatee beard (and that goes for the women too). It should ideally be worn along with a pair of flared brown cords, one of your dad's old shirts and a smug, self-satisfied grin plastered across your face. A copy of *The Face* tucked under your arm scores bonus points.

The goatee beard should be lightly stroked with the fingertips from top to bottom as you talk

Gossard
extravagance
1 UNDERWIRED 17.99 ALSO IN WHITE
2 SUSPENDER BELT 12.99 ALSO IN WHITE
3 BRIEFS 8.99 ALSO IN WHITE
4 STOCKINGS PACK OF TWO 9.99 ALSO IN BLACK
Created as every woman's ultimate indulgence.
F

earnestly about the 'happening' new LP from Coltrane (John, not Robbie). Other cats to name-drop include Ornette Coleman, Charlie Parker and Miles Davis – in fact, anyone who's dead and buried.

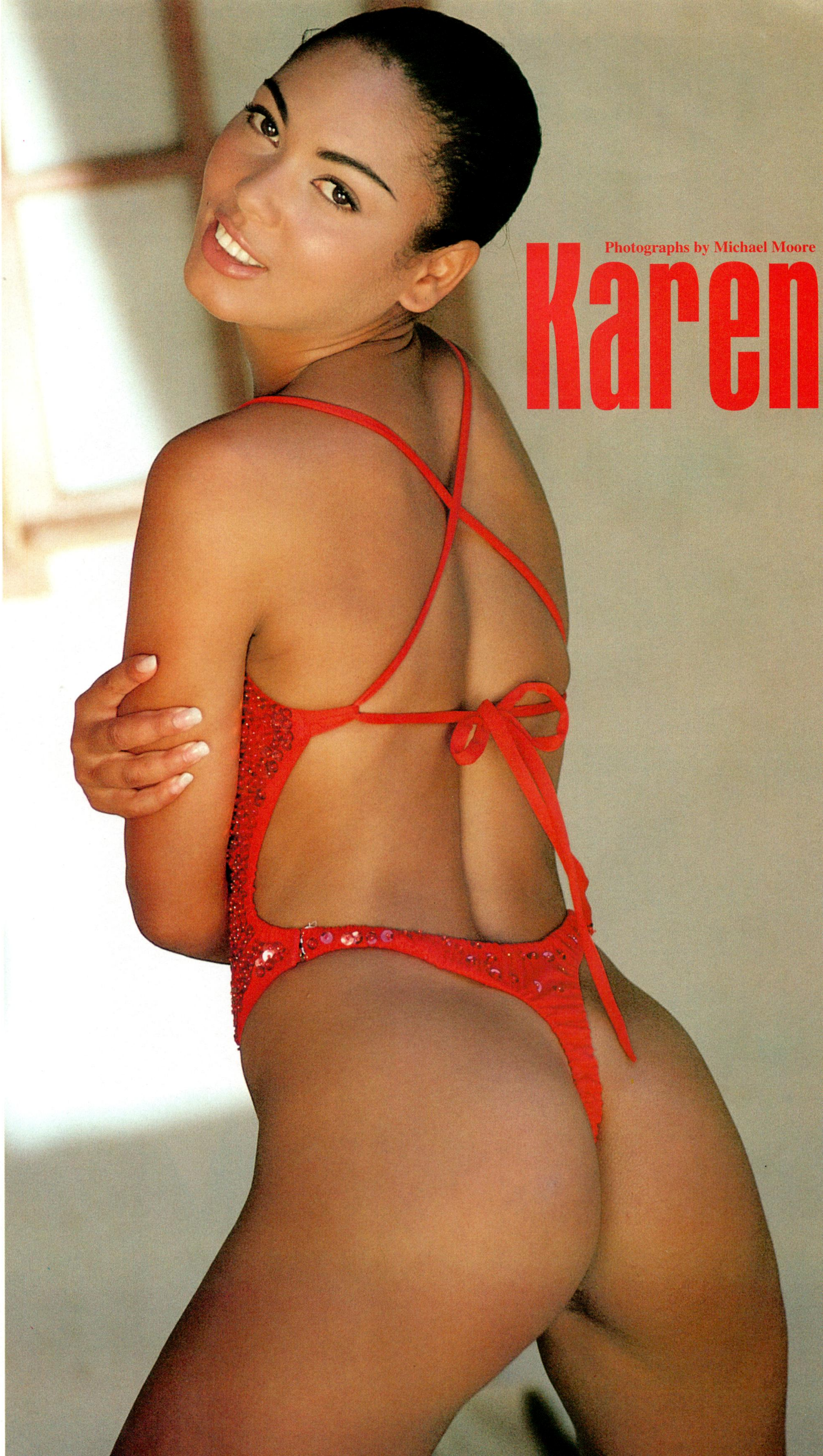
Head wear is compulsory, with French berets and tartan caps topping the charts... and preferably worn back-to-front. Now you're dressed to thrill and ready to hit the coolest spots in town, until you decide that being a jazz fan is passé and then jump onto the next bandwagon...

Instructions for use: Carefully cut around the goatee beard pictured to your left, apply extra-strong glue to your chin and stick the goatee in place. Bingo! Instant coolness...
Great goatee beard wearers of our time: Rolf Harris, Richard Stilgoe, Jack Hargreaves and Mick from Brookside.

Next month – Nose, nipple and eyebrow piercings and tattoos. ♣

Photographs by Michael Moore

Karen

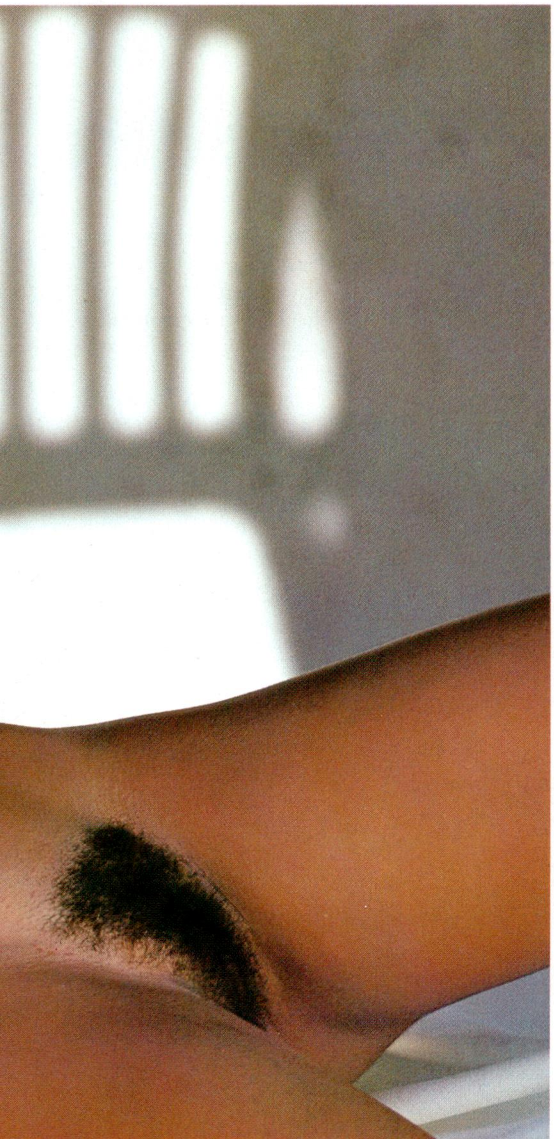


Regular readers of the tabloids will be familiar with Karen Kennedy... from the waist up at least! And if you're in any doubt that the rest of the Page 3 girl looks just as good, then feast your eyes on the dusky beauty in her full glory.

We caught up with the Sun worshippers' favourite girl recently

whilst on holiday in France – and she couldn't wait to show us her sexy holiday snaps.

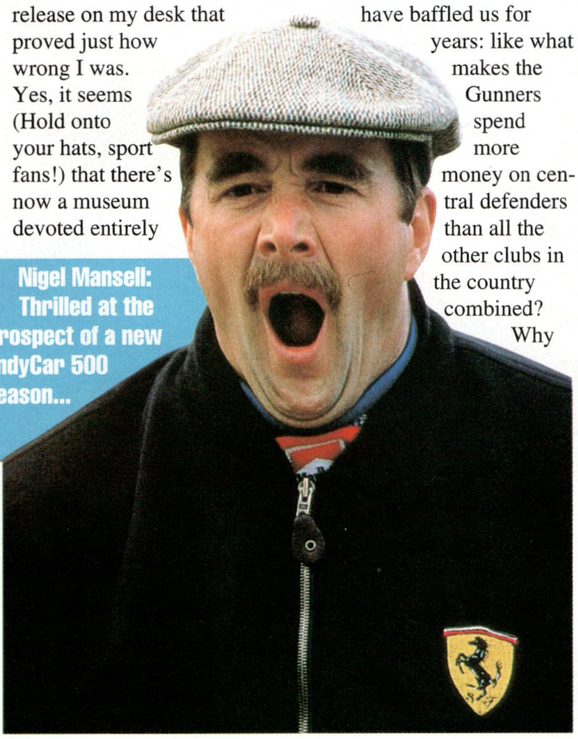
"It felt incredibly arousing peeling off my swimming costume and revealing everything for you," says 19-year-old Karen. "I have to admit that I'm normally quite shy, but I soon lost my inhibitions – not to mention all my clothes!" ♣



UP YOUR ARSENAL...

Get your kit on for another probing run down the left wing with our armchair sports correspondent and 40-a-day man, **Maurice Short**...

Ayrton Senna: Brazil nut


Nigel Mansell: Thrilled at the prospect of a new IndyCar 500 season...

I was sitting contemplating how bloody awful the month of March is sports-wise the other day – Swimming World Cup (Great!), Balearic Open Golf (Yippee!), Asian Open Snooker Tournament (Please, no more or I'll wet myself with excitement...) and cheering myself up with the thought that things could hardly get any duller, when someone dropped a press release on my desk that proved just how wrong I was. Yes, it seems (Hold onto your hats, sport fans!) that there's now a museum devoted entirely to Arsenal FC. Doesn't that just make you feel like throwing off your clothes and dancing down the street naked singing Kool & The Gang's *Celebration*? No, I thought not...

Sadly, amidst all the PR rattle about trophies and memorabilia there seems to be no reference to the more colourful side of Arsenal's history. There are lots of Championship medals, but no confiscated driving licences; plenty of cups, but no pizza parlour fire-extinguishers, and a stack full of old shirts, but no vintage prison uniforms. And those who go along hoping to see a few clips of film of Peter Marinello handing out 'Best Dancer' to girls on a 70s edition of *Top Of The Pops* will be sorely disappointed.

I'm afraid the whole thing is as bland as Bob Wilson, which seems a pity. After all, surely the Arsenal Museum is the ideal opportunity to show the public the inner workings of Highbury? To let us in on the secrets that have baffled us for years: like what makes the Gunners spend more money on central defenders than all the other clubs in the country combined? Why do they buy skilful players such as Marinello, Nicholas and Limpar, then play them in the reserves? How come in the 70s they had a midfield featuring Liam Brady, Alan Hudson and Graham Rix, and still managed to play boring football? And, best of all, the Museum could have demonstrated exactly how, when the Football League was reformed after the First World War, Arsenal managed to move from fifth position in the Second Division to the First; while Barnsley and Wolves, who had finished above Arsenal before hostilities began, were left in the Second Division. I'm sure we'd all like to see the correspondence pertaining to that little matter. Just to allay any totally unwarranted fears that Arsenal had sneaked into the top flight by devious means, obviously.

● Anyway, back to the sporting calendar in March. Ho hum... there's the Argentine Grand Prix. Now that the best driver (Senna) is driving in the best car (Renault-Williams), it should be about as thrilling as a lecture on the history of carpet tiles delivered by Bob Willis. The Royal Wedding procession was more competitive than the forthcoming Formula One season will be. So why not just buy a video of that instead and add your own Murray Walker commentary? "Queen Mum on the inside in the big four-horse power brougham. Oh I say! Di just came out of nowhere!"

There's also a test match between England and the West Indies. Unfortunately, it's being played in Georgetown, Guyana – a city that's wetter than Philip Schofield and has a wicket so lifeless that it makes Tutankhamen look like Chris Evans. As a consequence, the Bourda Ground in Georgetown is known throughout the cricket world as 'Marks 'n' Sparks' – it's the place you go for dull draws. The game will be live on SkyTV, so there's never been a better time to convert your satellite dish into a wok...

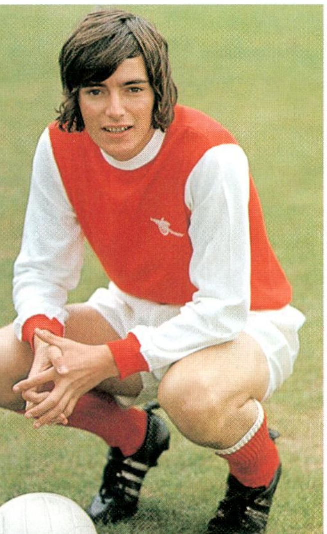
● What else? Ah yes, the Anglo-Italian Cup Final at Wembley. What on earth led the FA to revive this dinosaur? Perhaps they were inspired by *Jurassic Park*, or the old Doug McClure movie, *The Trophy That Time Forgot*. The announcement that they were reinstating the competition had the same effect on football fans as the NHS saying they plan to re-introduce Bubonic Plague would have on the general populace. The competition seems to have enthralled the Italians in much the same way. More people would have turned up to watch an Albanian puppet drama based on the life of Ken Barlow, judging by the poor crowd attendance in Pisa when Middlesborough played there recently. And they'd have got more enjoyment out of it too, I'll be bound. What will the FA bring back next, I wonder? The Anglo-Scottish Cup? The Watney's Cup? Or perhaps the splendidly-named Cock O' The North Trophy? I hate to think what that looked like.

Women's hockey: What you won't be seeing in the Champion's Trophy

Triathlon: Oooh, so many men, so little time!

● The All-England Badminton Championships are held in March. So don't forget to unplug your sets before going to bed. And there's the New Zealand Iron Man Triathlon Competition... that's the one where the competitors swim 24 miles, cycle 24 miles and then run 24 miles. It's designed to test human endurance to the maximum. Personally, I'd have thought they could have put the contestants under the same amount of strain by forcing them to watch the opening round of the Davis Cup, which also takes place in March.

The European Indoor Athletics Championships is another of the big events of the month. Indoor athletics is exactly like the outdoor version, only slower. Which kind of misses the point – a bit like swimming in sand. Oh, and there's the Champion's Trophy Hockey Tournament in Pakistan to watch out for too. Sadly this is a men's competition, so you don't even get a chance to re-live your schooldays by watching lots of women running in those female garments that look like skirts, but are really just shorts in disguise.



Peter Marinello: Forgotten haircut...

Worst of all, though, the first race of the new IndyCar season takes place in Australia on March 20th. Which means the television and papers are going to be stuffed wall-to-wall with Nigel Mansell, if you'll pardon the pun.

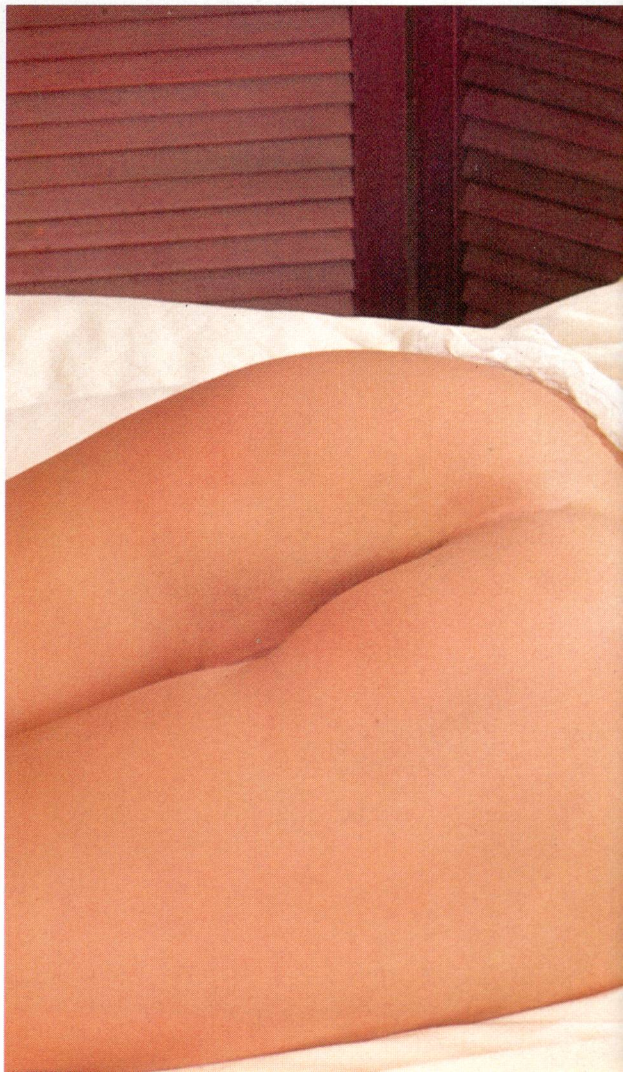
No, April just can't come soon enough... ♣

SOPHIE

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

Twenty one-year-old Sophie has just moved from Scotland down to London and her sexy good looks have already attracted the attention of a major film producer.

"I'd only been in the Capital for a day when I was in a bar and a bloke offered me a big part," she says.



We bet he did!

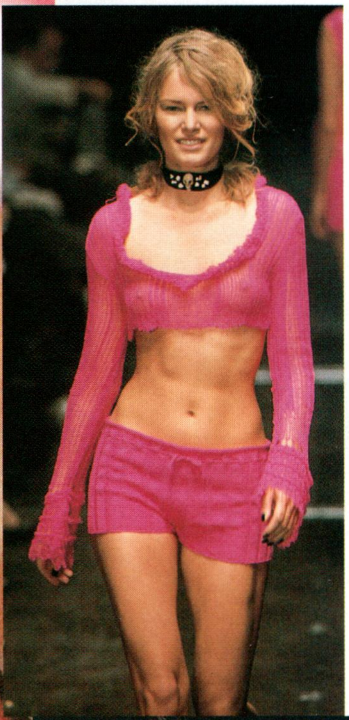
"No, not that kind of part," insists Sophie. "He wanted me to play the lead part in a re-make of something called Les Liasons Dangereuse, *but I told him I wasn't doing anything dangerous for anyone! I mean, what's the point in doing silly stunts when I could be taking my clothes off for* Club?

"I don't know, some men can be so stupid..."♣

club
SOPHIE

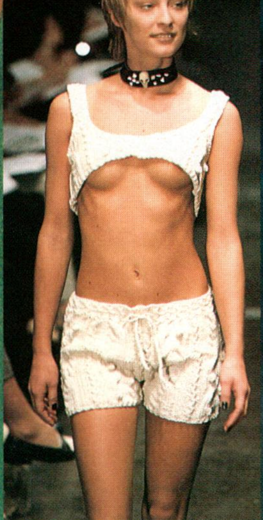
PUSSYWALK!

Sexy, skimpy fashion is all the rage on this year's catwalks, so Club took a long lens down to the latest shows...



Hey guys, we know you're not really interested in the packaging of the product, so isn't it good to see that fashion is finally on our side. No more impossible to undo straps, buttons, buckles or fasteners. Finally, those over-paid, under-inspired big-wigs with a pair of scissors are delivering the goods, plain for all to see.

Yes, fashion's gone see-through. And not a moment too soon for us connoisseurs of curves. Gone are the days of ankle-length, chin-high shrouds in fabric determined to elude even the most determined of us. Hems are up, shoulders are down and what is in between is skimpy as hell and likely to be made of something that closely resembles clingfilm.



The latest offerings from the catwalks might still be over-priced but at least you can get an eye-full of what you're really paying for.

And there are other benefits to birds that bare it all: you can cut down on those precious moments wasted on foreplay 'cos you don't have to bother to undress them!

Now that's what we call back to basics! ♣

rachel

Photographs by Bob Twigg

Raunchy Rachel says she loves to be pampered, so for her latest appearance in Club we took her for a weekend to a plush health farm and hotel in deepest Surrey.

"I've never been so well looked after in my life," gushed the blonde beauty. "I started every day with a soft, sensual massage in my bed from a girl called Sophie. She had lovely hands that seemed to hit the right spot every time she touched me.

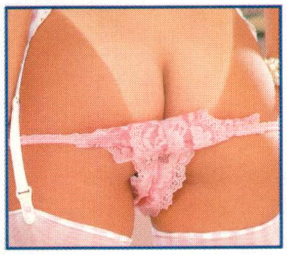
"Then I had a cold shower to get my body tingling and fresh. That was followed by a mud bath and a dip in the jacuzzi. Then I had a facial and a sauna. But the best thing about the health farm was that there was always someone on hand to get me everything I wanted. And when I say 'everything', I mean everything*..."*

Say no more, Rachel. Say no more! ♣

talkin'

blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...



WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

BROTHERLY LOVE

Jon was almost a carbon copy of his younger brother. It was amazing that they weren't twins, judging by the similarities. Deep, blue eyes, muscular, trim physiques and long wavy brown hair. I wondered whether they'd be identical in other ways too...

After all, Jon's cock is both long and thick, the kind girls are always telling you about, but which you don't get to see that often. Fiction is often better than fact! It is also the kind of dick that will spring to attention at the slightest provocation. In the six months that I've been seeing Jon, we've fucked in every room in the house, in the back of a taxi and – believe it or not – in the middle of my dad's allotment, with just a groundsheet for protection! Old boyfriends of mine have always said that I was pretty horny, but since I turned 21, I just can't seem to get enough sex! I love to feel a hard cock pumping away inside my pussy, and I haven't heard Jon complaining too much as he writhes and bucks before filling me with a lovely thick jet of come!

I couldn't resist writing into my favourite magazine to tell you about the time we drove up to St Albans to spend Saturday night with his brother, Adrian. I'd never met Adrian before, who at 28 is three years older than Jon. Jon always used to go on about what a great guy he was and how much fun we'd have up at his place and all the rest of it. Little did I know how accurate that would turn out to be!

We got up to Adrian's place at around five-ish on Saturday afternoon, ready for a good night's drinking down at his local pub with his mates. By about ten that night, we were all pretty merry without being to drunk. We had met up with two girls that Adrian knew. Alice and Joanne were both very friendly and good-looking to boot, which I suppose I expected. Anyhow, by the time we got back to Adrian's place I was hornier than you might imagine. I could feel my pussy juices, fuelled by the alcohol, starting to dampen the front of my panties. I was ready for Jon to fuck me and I wasn't going to stand on ceremony...

"I'm really tired," I lied. "I hope you'll excuse me, but will you take me up to bed, Jon?" Of course, Jon could see the naughty twinkle in my eye and he rushed upstairs with me. Once we were in the bedroom, I simply yanked my skirt up, pulled my knickers to one side, leant back against the wardrobe and commanded Jon to give me a good seeing-to! He didn't need a written invitation, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his beautiful tool, which I guided into my pussy at once. It slid in easily and I began to pant in time with Jon's rhythmic thrusting.

Just as I was about to come though, the door suddenly burst open and in walked Adrian, checking to see if I was feeling alright! Just quite how good I was feeling, I don't think he knew! He looked incredibly embar-

rassed and started to mumble an apology, moving back towards the door. I decided to take things into my own hands. After all, two cocks are better than one and I was pretty sure that Jon wouldn't mind a threesome. God knows, we'd talked about it often enough and he'd always seemed pretty up for the idea!

"Hold on, Adrian," I blurted out before he disappeared. "I think we could have more fun if there was three of us. What do you think, Jon?"

To my delight, a large grin spread across Jon's face. "Get you clothes off, bruv. Clare is a hard woman to please –it'll take two of us to really satisfy her!" Adrian's dick looked just as big and thick as his brother's as he quickly undressed, and Jon got back to pounding his hot length into my juiced-up love-hole. Within seconds Jon arched his back and then bucked his hips as he shot his load deep inside me. Then he pulled his twitching cock out and allowed his brother immediate access to my pussy.

I guided his throbbing helmet, glistening with precome, into my hole and felt a frisson of excitement from the thought of being entered by Adrian when my pussy was already filled with his brother's warm spunk.

Adrian was uncannily similar to his brother in his approach to love-making, stroking the walls of my pussy with the same attentive fury, pulling at the buttons of my blouse in the same frantic manner to unleash my tits and finally working his tongue around my nipples in exactly the same sucking motion as his brother. Not that I was complaining, mind you. Jon was the best lover I've ever had and, believe me, I've had a few!

Adrian gave a loud gasp and then shot his load deep inside me, my knees turning to jelly as I was still leaning against the wardrobe. Jon sat there on the bed, looking on avidly as his brother fucked his girlfriend, his cock hardening rapidly as he watched the action.

Just then, the bedroom door opened again and Joanne stuck her head around the door, her eyes nearly popping out at the sight of two naked men and a half-naked girl getting it on just a walk away from where she had been drinking coffee, oblivious to such carnal action!

"W-w-hat's all this?" she stammered excitedly as she took in the sexy scene before her eyes. "Alice! Come up here quick... you're not going to believe your eyes!" Before Alice had even replied, Joanne was already undoing her mini-skirt and slipping off her panties, exposing her long legs clad in sheer black stockings. She went down on Jon immediately and sucked his hard cock so expertly, her wet tongue sliding along the underside of his shaft, that he spilled his seed in seconds. Alice, meantime made her presence felt by quickly getting naked, poking her cute bum high in the air and inviting Adrian to fuck her doggy-style. The scene was so horny that I quite contentedly sat on the edge of the bed wanking myself silly until Jon came to give me another good seeing-to!

As you can imagine, it turned out to be a pretty interesting and adventurous night for all concerned, with plenty of hot, steamy sex delivered. Jon told me afterwards that he'd never had such a great time and it's now a regular night out to St Albans for us! And me? Well, you don't think I'm complaining, do you?! – *Clare Watford*

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0338 412 503

I'll talk dirty while you W**k
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0898 767 535

Get it out and Ram it up me!
0898 767 536

Lesbian Secretaries Dildo Orgy
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Waitress gives Tit W**k
0898 767 538

Auntie needs Shafting
0898 767 540

Phil 8" Sucks Dave 6"
0898 767 541

Hear Kate (19) Masturbate Jane (21)
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After 2 AM Wet Fanny Action
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You know you're reading MEN ONLY when it gets up and hits you in the eye

Independent market research shows that the *Men Only* reader is not only more intelligent than the magazine's editor, he also has a much bigger wozname, and can keep his end up in an on-going two girl lickety-split with butt plug situation for several weeks at a time.This is why the most beautiful new models insist on showing their gorgeous tip-tilted thingummies, round bouncy whatsits and naughty pink girlie bits in *Men Only* first.

MEN ONLY

Not just on the top shelf: it's all over the shop!

YANK IT OFF!

"You like it like that, don't you?" teased Alan, slipping his massive tool just that little bit further down my throat. Well, how I was supposed to answer his question I don't really know, but I was certainly having a good time. So I thought the best way to make things clear was to continue giving him my specialist hot-water blow-job. The feel of warm water against his sensitive bell-end must have finally got to Alan, because after about five minutes of swilling it around, he finally emptied his swollen sacks and filled my mouth with his warm spunk. And what a lot he had! I love the taste of come and there was plenty for me to savour here. I greedily gulped down the sticky stuff while Alan slowly withdrew his cock from my mouth.

That was the first experience I had of my American friend, but it certainly wasn't to be the last. I had met Al earlier that day when he had come into the office where I work in the centre of Newcastle.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," he said in a Texan accent as thick as treacle. We'd hit it off from there really, and my boss seemed more than happy at the thought of our blossoming friendship. Hardly surprising when you consider that Al had the potential of putting literally millions of pounds worth of business our company's way.

"Take the afternoon off, Susie," he said, "and show Al around the town. I'm sure he'd like to have a look around." Well, any excuse to get out of the office is always greatly appreciated, so we left pronto and Al suggested we went for lunch – his shout!

Three bottles of wine and a couple of liqueurs later and neither of us were in the mood for sightseeing (now there's a surprise!). Which brings me back to where I came in, with Al's dick deep inside my mouth in a luxurious hotel room! And that was just the start...

"Turn over Susie," Al said and obediently I did so, my tits hanging down and my bum sticking in the air, glistening and ready for another servicing from Al's manhood. You know how they say that everything's big in Texas? Well, they're not wrong, because Al's cock was a sight to behold and something to be held deep inside my pussy too! He plunged his dick into me and started to ride me with the energy of ten men. I could hear his thighs slapping loudly against my bum cheeks as he drove hard into me and pulled almost the whole way out until I could only feel the bulbous head of his cock inside me.

"Oooh, Al, fuck me hard! Fuck me harder," I moaned, almost passing out with the sheer excitement and pleasure of it all. And Al did just that, pounding into my hole like there was no tomorrow, expertly bringing me right to the point of orgasm before allowing his spunk to shoot deep inside me. The surge of his load felt simply unbelievable and as he finally pulled out I slumped down onto the bed, wallowing in the warm, sexual afterglow.

Al, however, still looked like he was a long way off from quitting when a brainwave suddenly hit me. I picked up the telephone and called my best friend Angie, who I knew was taking a week off work and was taking things easy.

"If you want a good time, you'd better get yourself up here now," I told her, and from the tone of her voice Angie knew exactly what I was talking about. She was never a girl to turn down the chance of dick, so I knew she would be here as fast as her legs would carry her! All I had to do was find something to keep Al amused for the next half an hour or so. I had a couple of ideas...

When Angie did finally arrive, Al opened up the door with his cock swinging low. Me? I was a little preoccupied with the vibrator that I'd nipped out to buy from the sex shop that I knew was just around the corner. I had worked out that all men were turned on by a girl wanking herself off and Al had been fair drooling as I worked the vibrator deep inside my hole.

Angie watched intently as I came to a brilliant climax, then slipped her coat off. Al was more than happy to see that underneath she was wearing nothing but a pair of stockings and high heels.

"You don't think I'm overdressed, do you?" she teased, then immediately dropped to her knees to take Al's thick prick into her mouth. Watching Angie working away at that tool gave me a little thrill, but when Al came – shooting his spunk right down her throat and spilling it all over her face – I was so horny that I had to kiss her hard, tasting Al's deliciously creamy spunk on her lips. Now that's what I call a real thrill!

Angie herself seemed to be pretty happy about things as she laid back on the bed and instructed me to give the vibrator to Al so that he could use it on her eager pussy. I willingly obliged and sat back in the chair to spectate on the horny proceedings. Al was having a whale of a time, blissfully gliding the buzzing vibrator around Angie's wet pussy lips and returning time and time again to the areas where she obviously showed the most sensitivity. It wasn't long before the inevitable happened and Angie nearly screamed the place down as she shuddered with a massive orgasm that shook her entire body. Al looked mighty pleased with himself and immediately straddled her to give her a last dose of his ram-rod stiff dick!

By the end of our little session together all three of us were completely exhausted, but Al insisted on taking both of us for dinner at a posh restaurant before organising cabs for us to get home. He was, and still is, the perfect gentleman.

Needless to say the contract was awarded to my company, but Al told me he had agreed that before he even met me! My boss never asked about my day with Al, but judging from his knowing glances he has a pretty shrewd idea about what went on. Whenever Al is in town, he's very quick to offer me the afternoon off anyway! And I for one am not complaining... – *Susie, Newcastle*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

FUN IN THE SUN

Holiday romances? Sod that! What's the point in hot-footing it abroad for a carefree time and then getting all maudlin over some fella who you'll probably never see again and who's going to be bonking the next bird off the plane from Britain the minute you're out of his sight? No, I've always been far too clever for that. Losing your heart in the heat is for fools. 'Wham, bam, thank you, man!' has always been my motto and it's served me well in the hotels and on the beaches of Tenerife and Gran Canaria, my favourite holiday spots. If I see a good-looking lad, I vow that he'll be in my knickers by nine that same evening, his thick cock pistoning in and out of my swollen pussy. That's what holidays are for, for heaven's sake! Or at least that's the way they had been before last summer, when I met Verity...

It has to have been the most incredible escapade ever! I'd decided to take a weeks break from the hustle and bustle of my job in the fashion business and head out to Tenerife for a little bit of recuperation and a lot of shagging. Indeed, that's the way things seemed to be shaping up from the minute I got to my hotel. I had my bags taken up to my room by Ally, a young Scottish guy who was anything but your archetypal bell-boy. He looked like he should have been in the Chippendales – all tanned and muscular with serious 'fuck me' eyes. I decided I might as well start the way I intended to go on...

"Just put them down over there," I motioned with a wave of my hand. "I'm afraid I don't have any Spanish money for a tip, but will a blow-job do?" I was so matter-of-fact that Ally's jaw dropped and he simply allowed me to pull his flies down to reveal a cock that was thick and hard.

Deep-throating is my speciality, so I took that dick way back in my throat and started to work expertly up and down the shaft, pausing only to glance at his astonished face every now and again. I just love the taste of salty cock and when I finally felt Ally's legs twitching I knew he was about to deliver a substantial load.

Mmm, the taste of spunk on my lips is always one of my favourites and I rolled my tongue around my mouth, savouring every last drop of his come. "Thanks for bringing my bags," I winked at Ally and he quickly left the room looking like a startled rabbit. Now that's what I call a good start to a holiday.

And, believe me, things got more saucy than that on the first night because I ended up getting very drunk with Ally and his mate Kieran in the hotel bar. He was off-duty by then and was keen to spend the evening buying me drinks and paying me compliments.

When I'd got a bit tipsy I casually enquired whether my earlier performance had been to his satisfaction. Kieran looked like he was about to explode when Ally told him what service I'd performed for him that afternoon. The conversation soon degenerated into a filthy discussion of fucking in all its forms.

By about one in the morning it was pretty obvious that there was only one way this particular evening was going to end – with me sandwiched between these two gorgeous young guys – and that's exactly what happened!

Kieran's cock wasn't quite as thick as Ally's, but it was very long. As I lay back on the bed eagerly awaiting his cock, I just prayed that I would be able to accommodate his full length. No problem! His tool slid straight into my pussy, which was well-lubricated after all that talk of sex and the sight of Ally wanking himself stupid just over my face. It wasn't long before I was covered in all that delicious spunk and I rolled my tongue around my mouth with pure delight.

I ended up giving head to Kieran while Ally rode me doggy-style and I had to admit, for young lads they were very experienced! A great night...

And that exactly how I thought the holiday would continue, with me having a heavily hedonistic time with a variety of hot and horny guys. Until I met Verity.

It was on my full first full day on the island, the night after the session with my two young bucks. I'd woken up late, having finally stopped fucking and sucking at around four in the morning, and had decided to take a stroll to the nearest bar for a spot of lunch.

The minute I walked in the door I noticed Verity. She had beautiful, dark skin and flowing, deep brown hair. But more importantly, she had the often indefinable quality of sex-appeal. It simply oozed from her and the fact that she was the same sex as me didn't matter one little bit. I mean, I'd had a couple of lesbian flings before, but it hadn't really been my thing. Yet Verity was different, I could feel my pussy start to tingle at the very sight of this girl, and I hadn't even spoken to her yet.

The bar was quiet, but I decided to ask if she minded if I sat next to her; new in town and all the rest of it. "Of course. Sit down," she purred in a voice that was pure 'come-to-bed'.

It turned out that Verity was half-Spanish, half-Irish and lived in Tenerife, where she worked as an estate agent. I have to say that I found it very hard to follow her conversation. Not because of her accent, which wasn't very pronounced, but because I couldn't get my mind off the thought of what it would be like to get naked with this woman; caressing her boobs, licking her pussy and feeling her hot breath on my quim.

I spent the next two hours chatting away to Verity, and by the time I left the bar I had managed to get a date at her flat that evening. She had offered to cook dinner for us both. Bingo!

When I arrived at her very plush apartment I was dressed to thrill. Short, tight, black dress, sheer stockings and, of course, suspenders! I felt as horny as hell and when Verity opened the door wearing tiny shorts and a very flimsy t-shirt I could have got down on my knees right there in the hall and buried my head in her mound! But there were pleasantries to get out of the way first – and I wasn't even sure that she wanted me in the same way I wanted her.

A couple of bottles of wine soon gave me the answer I was hoping for! After dinner, we were both sitting on the sofa chatting, when Verity suddenly leant over me and kissed me passionately on the lips. It was the kind of kiss that simply went right through you, and far from recoiling in shock, I simply

rolled with the flow of it and returned the tongueing with equal passion.

Within minutes we were naked on the floor, caressing each other's bodies with the kind of intimacy that you never usually get with strangers. I was feeling unbelievably horny and buried my tongue deep into Verity's tangy slit. The warmth of her pussy on my mouth sent a shiver right down to my own pussy and I almost came right there and then, only just holding myself back to prolong the pleasure. Verity arched her back and thrust her mound hard against my mouth, grinding her pussy against my face and moving her hips rhythmically to match her heated rushes. I kept exploring her hole, running my tongue around her quim and flicking at her clitoris. Verity let out little gasps each time I quickened the pace. It felt truly orgasmic.

After a few more minutes of rimmings, Verity let out a big gasp and immediately her love juices flowed straight from her pussy into my mouth. I gulped them down greedily, savouring every last drop, while Verity collapsed beside me like a little rag doll – except rag dolls didn't have a body like hers; pert bum, full tits with beautiful nipples crowning them and a pussy that tasted like pure nectar!

Verity then lead me to the bedroom and without so much as a word pulled a strap-on dildo from the drawer and looked at me inquisitively, as if to seek my approval. Well, I had to admit that I'd never tried one before, although I had seen a few in blue movies – but I was game for anything with this woman. I nodded and lay down on the bed, waiting for her to penetrate me.

I have to say that it felt slightly unreal to be looking up at this beautiful woman, her hair all tousled and her lips smudged, fucking me like a bloke would. And it certainly felt good as she vigorously pumped the dildo in and out. I could feel my orgasm bubbling up inside me until I finally came. I let out a scream that I could hardly believe, and Verity pulled out for the last time. We both lay there on the bed, utterly exhausted.

Now I would have been the first to think that I would have thanked her kindly for a great evening and been straight onto another bloke, but I had to admit I was hooked. Verity had really got me going and I wanted to spend more time with her. I couldn't believe it myself but there was no point in denying it, so for the rest of the holiday we were inseparable, sharing the same bed and making out in more places than you'd ever think possible. On the beach, on the veranda, in the back of an unlocked car parked outside the hotel, underneath the counter of the bar where we first met – just about anywhere where two bodies could get naked!

I've never considered myself bisexual before, but Verity was keeping me satisfied like no-one has ever done before. She seemed to know exactly where to touch me to spark off wave after wave of orgasms and was as interested in giving me pleasure as she was in receiving it from me. Much to my amazement, I wasn't going out looking for another portion of hot dick, but was more content to stay at home with my wonderful new lesbian lover.

On the last night of my holiday, Verity gave me a good leaving present – a sensual massage with exotic oils followed by an incredible tongueing and one last rogering from that monster dildo of hers. I never would have thought that it could have been as good as the real throbbing deal, but believe me, in the hands of an expert like Verity, it was a pretty close run thing! My pussy was well and truly satisfied by the time I stood in my hotel room for the very last time, waiting for Ally to come and pick up my bags for me.

When he arrived he looked at me inquisitively, wondering if I might provide him with the service I'd deliv-

Budweiser
Es Para
Usted

ered at the start of the week. Not a chance! After thinking that I would be the last person getting involved in a holiday romance, here I was having done just that – and with a girl to boot!

It's now been eight months since that fantastic, sex-filled holiday in Tenerife and Verity and I speak on the phone every single day, discussing the 'special' kind of things that we'll do when we get together once again. And I haven't been with anyone else since – although my trusty vibrator has been on double-time! Who knows? Maybe there is such a thing as true holiday romance, after all. I'm due to visit Verity again in three weeks time, so I'll keep you posted! – *Ellen, Manchester*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

OH, DANNY BOY!

I am just in the process of recovering from the best Christmas of my life — the horniest, the sexiest and the most exciting time I've ever had. Even though it was several weeks ago now, I think about what happened every day, closing my eyes and dreaming about it, stroking my moist pussy again and again as I try to take in what's happened to me. I still can't believe that my sexual fantasies have all been fulfilled at once. And it's all down to my lovely boyfriend Danny.

I suppose I'd better fill you in on the background: I'm 24, and have been living with my boyfriend for the past two years. We've always been open with each other sexually, willing to share our little likes and dislikes and erotic thoughts. Even though we've been together for such a long time, we still have sex three or four times a day, and I'm really flattered by the thought that Danny still just can't get enough of my body.

I go to great efforts to keep myself in trim for him, so that we can keep up with each other's sexual appetite! I do quite a few sports, and so my body is very firm. My boobs are large, with big brown nipples which I love to have stroked and nibbled softly. My brown hair is very straight and falls down to my waist, and Danny loves to feel me sitting astride him and wrapping my hair around his cock shaft, slowly moving my hands up and down under its curtain until he can't hold himself back any longer and he has to let himself come, the white juices pumping out all over my chest. I love the fact that I can drive him crazy like that. I climax easily, and I know our sex life is the envy of all our friends.

As I said before, we've always shared our erotic fantasies, and reading Club has certainly given us a few ideas. I've always found it a great turn-on seeing all the lovely, exotic looking girls you feature, and I know Danny gets really excited as he watches me flicking through the pages and touching myself, imagining that one of them is stroking my body or licking my pussy. I've even imagined what it must be like to model myself, knowing that there are all those men (and women!) out there getting turned on just looking at your naked body.

As for Danny, I know that he's long held the fantasy of watching while another man fucks me, but for a long time that's all it was — just a fantasy. That is, until Christmas, when Danny refused to tell me what my present was. I was furious at first, because as we spent Christmas Day with relatives, there was no sign of his gift to me. And on Boxing Day, instead of going out with friends, he just said that he wanted to have a cosy night in with me and a couple of sexy videos.

Although I was a bit peeved, I decided to make the best of it, and we were cuddling up in front of a particularly blue and very sexy movie when the doorbell rang. Danny answered it like a shot, and I was really surprised when he came back into the lounge accompanied by two complete strangers!

One was a really beautiful girl who I swear could have been a top model. She was really tall, with the most gorgeous long legs and was wearing a silk dress which clung like a second skin to every curve of her body. She looked really cool and classy, her blonde hair put up into a bun.

"I'm Miranda," she said, and took off her coat, perching on the edge of the sofa. I could see Danny eyeing her legs appreciatively, the sheer silk stockings she was wearing revealing them to perfection. Just seeing the lust in his eyes, and the fact that he wasn't even bothering to hide it from me, really turned me on. I could feel my nipples slowly start to harden as the guy glanced over my body and feasted his eyes on my lush, firm shape. I had a sudden urge to feel his tongue licking all over my naked skin, and I'd only just seen the guy!

"This is your present, darling," Danny smiled at me, coming over and starting to stroke my body through my t-shirt. "I've fixed up for Miranda and Andy to cater for your every whim – just so long as you let me watch..."

I was astonished for a second. Where had he met this couple? Did they do this sort of thing all the time? And would I be able to keep up with them? The way my little pussy was moistening and the way my thighs were involuntarily squeezing together to put pressure on my already engorged clitty told me that I would.

"Tonight, we're all yours – just tell us what you want us to do," Andy told me, grinning and taking off his jacket to reveal a posh suit. I could see the shape of his body underneath, and it looked quite spectacular.

I grinned and led the way up to the bedroom, Danny following behind. While the three of us went inside, he just stood by the door and watched, his eyes urging me to do whatever I wanted with Miranda and Andy. All I wanted to do was to strip off and feel both naked bodies next to mine, to feel two pairs of hands stroking and arousing me.

"Take off my clothes for me," I instructed the pair, and it didn't take them long to have my jeans, t-shirt and bra in a pile on the floor, my already damp knickers landing on top of the heap. I can barely begin to describe how it felt to have two people's hands all over my body, caressing me and finding all those secret little places that only Danny's hands normally found. Gently, Andy lifted me on to the bed and then he and Miranda lay either side of me, rubbing their bodies up and down against mine. The feel of the material of their clothes against my hot, bare skin was unendurable.

I murmured that I wanted to feel the both of them naked against me too. I closed my eyes and just listened, straining my ears for the sound of Miranda's dress sliding over her smooth skin, and Andy trousers being dropped. When she'd taken off her dress, Miranda reached down and pulled my hand up to one of her boobs, letting me massage her stiff nipple through her satin bra. There's something terribly erotic about the feel of satin under your fingertips, and I was literally shaking with desire as I opened my eyes and watched my hand fondling her. It felt as if it was someone else's hand. I lay half on top of her, moving my fingers further down her body, over her flat stomach and down to her tiny panties, under the tops of her hold-up stockings. Eventually, I dipped my fingers under her panties.

"You've made me so wet, Lynn," she whispered to me, placing her hand over mine so that she could direct me: I think she realised that this was my first time in bed with another woman. Not that I needed to be told what to do, really – it was just like masturbating myself!

I hadn't forgotten that Andy was lying against me on the other side — I could hardly forget when I could feel his hairy chest and extremely stiff cock rubbing up against my back and buttocks. And as I frigged Miranda with my fingers, easing them over her wet love-slit and along to her rock hard love-button, Andy did the same to me with his fingers, working up through my bush and then dipping right inside me. I felt as if I was overflowing with juices as Andy's experienced fingers played with me, arousing me almost to the point of no return already. I loved knowing that his fingers were covered in my love cream, and as I half turned he lifted them up to his mouth and licked them clean, looking right into my eyes as he did so.

That was too much for me; I writhed against Miranda's hand and brought myself to orgasm, quivering as I came, turned on even more by the knowledge that Danny was watching everything that was going on. In my mind, I could just picture how big and stiff his cock was inside his pants, but I knew that tonight was just for me, and that he'd only be watching my pleasure.

The fact that I'd come for the first time that night seemed to be the signal for Miranda and Andy to really let loose on my body. I was laid back against the pillows, my bum raised up slightly with a cushion, and then they really set to work, not just with their hands this time, but with their mouths too. If there's a more erotic experience than having two eager tongues licking and stroking all over every inch of your body, then I don't know of it. Miranda concentrated on the bottom half of my body, snaking her tongue up and down the insides of my thighs, teasing me by not going down on me properly, and all the time asking me to tell her exactly what I wanted and what I was feeling.

"You like the way my tongue rasps on those little love-lips of yours, don't you? I know you're dying to feel it in your pussy, but you're just going to have to wait a little bit longer..."

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I could hardly bear her teasing tongue, but it was well worth the wait when she finally did plunge it inside me and start eating me out properly. I spread my legs as wide apart as I could, looking across the room to see the delighted look on Danny's face as Miranda's head bobbed up and down between my thighs. I gripped her shoulders hard to push her tongue even deeper into me, riding her until she made me come again.

"Suck Andy's cock, darling," Danny urged me as Andy knelt at the head of the bed, stroking my face with the end of his stiff shaft. "Take it into your mouth."

It felt very soft on my lips and closed eyelids, the helmet velvety smooth. I just opened my mouth and he fed it into me inch by inch, his hairy balls tickling my cheeks as I started to suck him in earnest, my lips moving into the same rhythm as the one that Miranda was using on my pussy. I had my eyes closed, but I could tell that she was stroking and frigging herself at the same time, moving her fingers on her own pussy in the same way she'd done to me. She made herself come two or three times like that in that night, but what was the greatest turn-on for me was that she always put my pleasure, my climax, before hers.

Andy did, too. I really love giving blow-jobs and I like to think I'm pretty good at them, and I could tell by the way he was breathing and his balls were straining, that he was trying really hard to hold back his come until I'd well and truly satisfied myself. I was really grinding onto Miranda's face now, panting heavily with the effort of reaching another climax, my juices oozing warmly.

"Don't come in her mouth – she wants you to come in her pussy, Andy," Danny directed, and before I could say another word, the horny couple had swapped places. Miranda was now perched by my head, teasingly lowering her warm pussy over my eager mouth, while Andy was lifting my legs up on to his shoulders so that he could ease his thick shaft inside me.

I breathed a sigh of relief at the relaxation of tension in my pussy when I finally felt that cock start to slowly move up and down inside, Andy circling his hips so that it felt as if I was totally full of his hard, probing shaft. He didn't thrust fast, just hard and very fully, and I was soon moaning at the friction his wiry pubes was making with my poor little clitty. It was sending me crazy!

Meanwhile, I tasted the musky juices of Miranda's pussy for the first time when she gently lowered herself to my waiting mouth. I reached inside her gingerly with my tongue but she tasted so delicious that I was soon lapping away frenziedly, dipping in as far as I could reach. I'd never have guessed that another woman's pussy could taste so good — now I know why Danny was always so keen on going down on me.

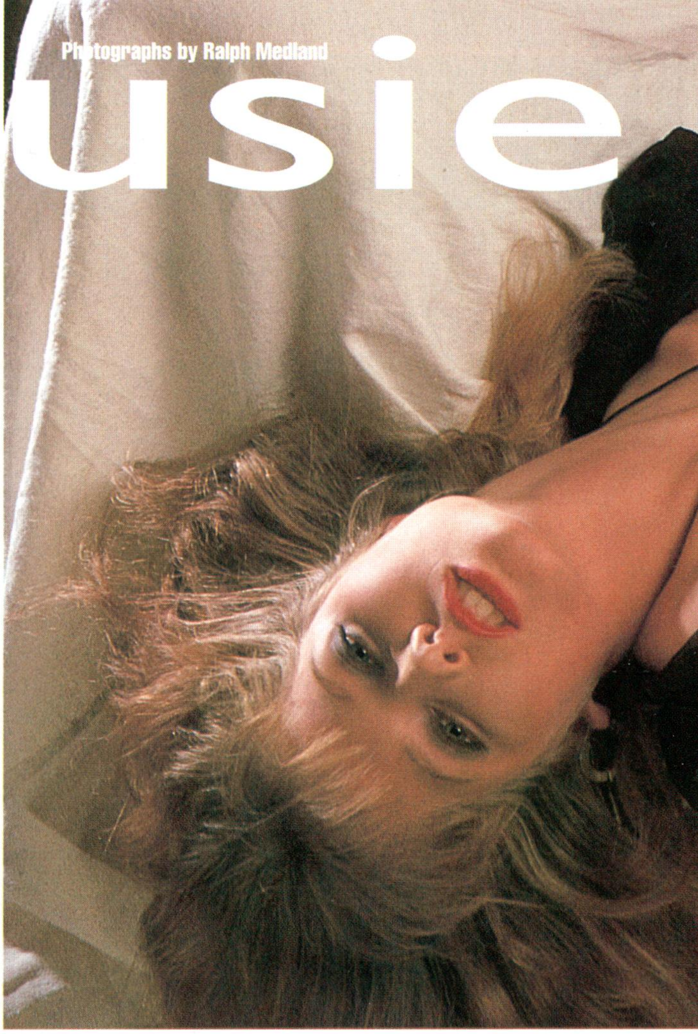
Miranda just let me get on with it, murmuring encouragement that I was doing the right thing, but Andy was really thrusting strongly inside me now, and seeing the look on his face, and over his shoulder, the look on Danny's face built up another orgasm inside me. This time, I came really powerfully, bucking my whole body up. My legs were shaking so much that Andy had to hold on to them as he made the few final thrusts inside me, unloading his come deeply and satisfyingly.

It's hard to describe just how much of a turn-on it was to know that Danny was watching another man come inside me, and loving every second of it. And with my tongue now bringing Miranda off to a satisfying climax too, Danny was having a hard time controlling himself.

He didn't have to for long. While he saw the couple off, I just lay there on the bed, tingling all over and feeling exhausted – but that didn't stop me from eagerly enjoying another good fucking from Danny as soon as he got back upstairs! He's always been very cagey about where Andy and Miranda actually came from, only ever telling me that they're "friends of friends". But it's our anniversary next month, and he keeps on hinting that they'll be back for that – and that this time, he might video what happens! I can hardly wait! – *Lynn, Durham* ♣

Photographs by Ralph Medland

susie



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bella

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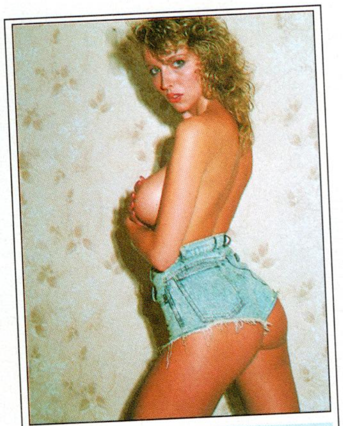
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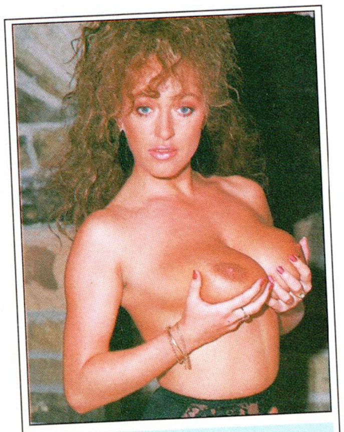
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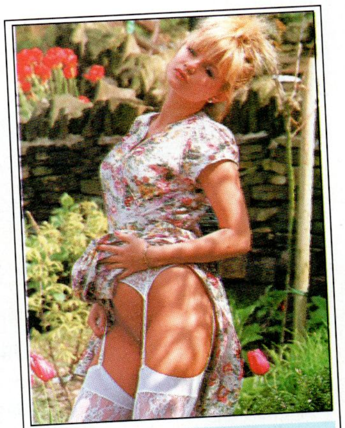

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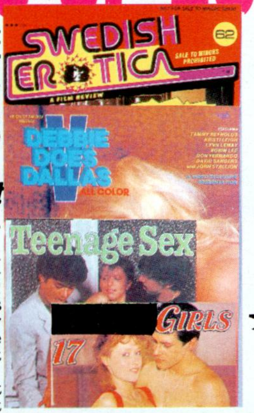

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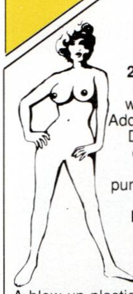

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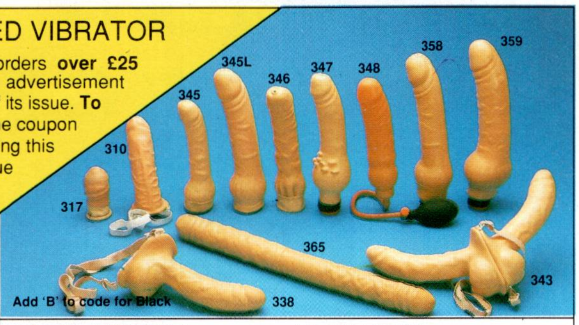

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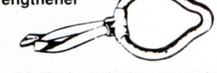

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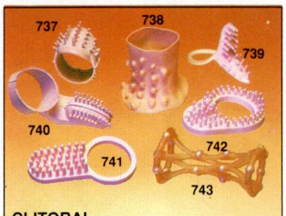

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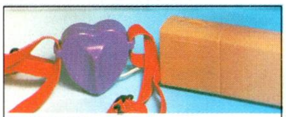

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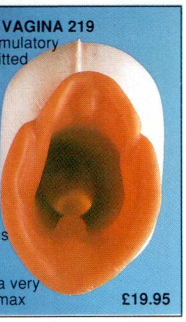

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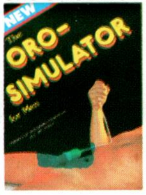

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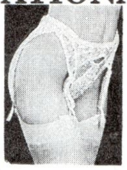

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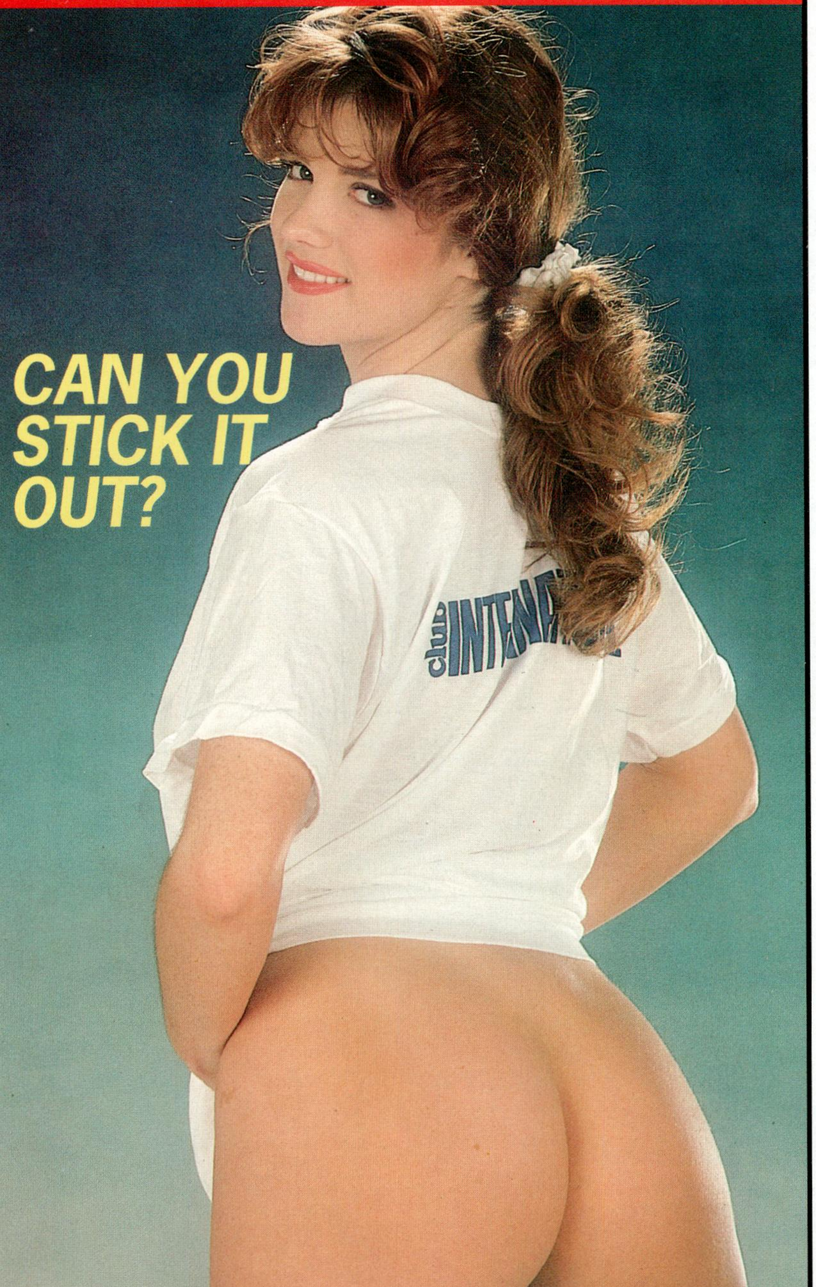

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in the bag

continued from page 11

withdraw his fingers and then he reached for my tits. At the same time I could feel his cock slapping against the inside of my thighs and I reached back and guided his cock into my hole. Peter grunted loudly as he eased his length inside me, then the three of us built up a slow rhythm as I worked on the cock inside my pussy and the one in my mouth.

I could feel Peter fondling my tits as he started fucking me, while Justin's cock started twitching as he neared orgasm. I clamped my lips even harder around his cock and sucked fervently, then his hips bucked and he spilled his load down my throat. This was the cue for Peter to speed up the pace and he started pumping furiously, until I reached back and started fondling his balls. That did the trick and Peter pulled out his knob and shot his load all over my bum cheeks. I bit down on my lips hard as I felt a massive orgasm take over my whole body.

I let out a loud scream, then fell down onto the floor exhausted. I don't think that I've ever had such a great fucking session as I did that afternoon and I couldn't wait to tell Michelle about it at work the next day. She's made me promise to take her along for the ride in a couple of days and I may even write in to Club and tell you the whole filthy story – if I've recovered in time! – *Toni, Welwyn*

WORKING GIRL

I've been an reader of your magazine for three or four years; but I never thought I'd actually be writing in with my own story – the events of last week soon changed that!

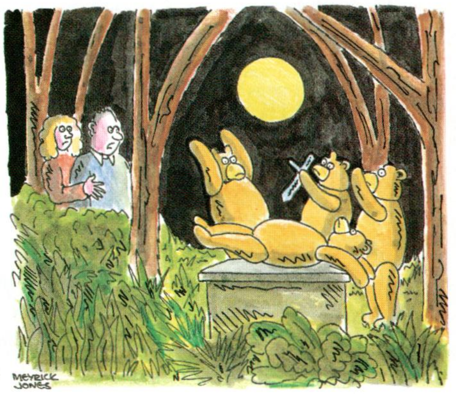
My name is Jonathon, I'm 26-years-old and I have recently started working for a design company up here in Edinburgh. As well as a good salary and a company car, I also have the pleasure of working beside a number of stunningly attractive women.

In fact, the first day I arrived at the studio I could hardly believe my eyes, there were just so many gorgeous women working there that I didn't think I'd ever be able to get any work done at all. I was even more worried when I was introduced to my personal assistant, Sara...

She's 20-years-old; a brunette and has a great figure that is accentuated by the tight-fitting outfits she wears to work. When she walked in through the door for the first time, my eyes almost popped out of my head. She was wearing a black jacket and a very short black skirt – so short that I could see a flash of her white panties and black suspender belt. Her red top was so tight that it clung tight to her breasts, luring my eyes to her ample cleavage.

The introductions went well, and we spent most of the day talking and arranging our workloads. But behind my desk, I could feel a bulge growing between my legs. My discomfort was heightened by Sara's insistence that

continued on page 98



"It's not really my idea of a picnic..."

WIFE OF THE MONTH

Mrs Jonathon Ross

Holy wow! Television presenter Jonathon Woss may spend more time on the telly than your yukka plant, but we'd gladly switch channels to see his missus, Jane – and that's a *real* Fantastic Fact!

Do you have the hots for a celeb's other half? Why not give her a brief respite from a life of anonymity and nominate her for Club's Wife Of The Month slot – it could make her a star and give us an excuse for a cheap pun or two... ♣

Photographs by Harry Linden

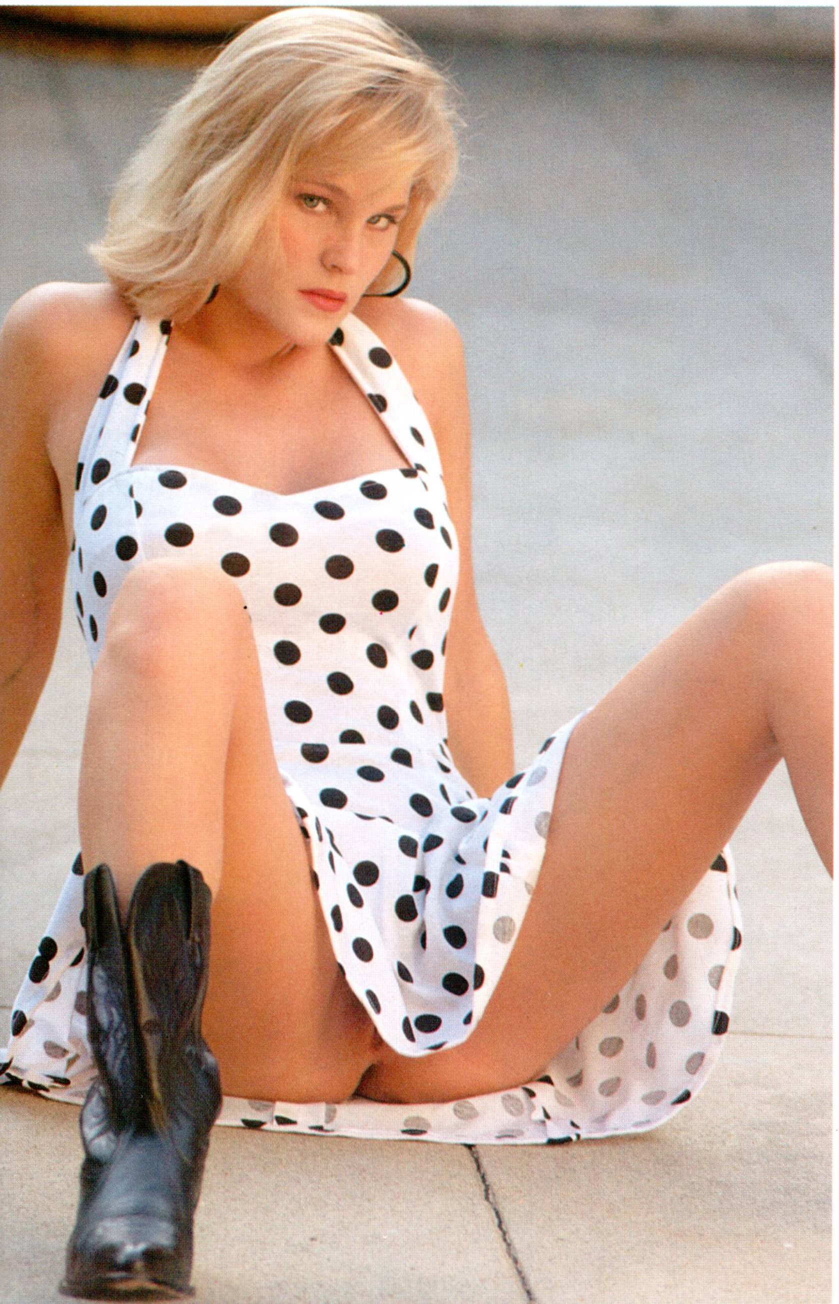
Samantha

Samantha is making her first appearance nude – and we're thrilled that she chose Club to show off her charms. But then the girl herself was never in any doubt...

"Are you joking?!" shrieked the 19-year-old fashion student. "Club is practically compulsory study material on the campus at college. My roommates always rush out and buy a copy

every month. Then we all sit around and compare the gorgeous girls, before awarding marks for the sexiest ones!

"So when they suggested I should send in my photographs, how could I resist? I just hope I come top of the class with you guys! ♣



COMING IN club

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Sexy Sam may have the face of an angel and a heavenly body but she's a horny little devil between the sheets! Don't just take our word for it though, buy next month's pussy-packed issue of Club and find out for yourself.

See you there – if you dare!♣

Volume 23 Number 4 on sale March 24th

in the bag

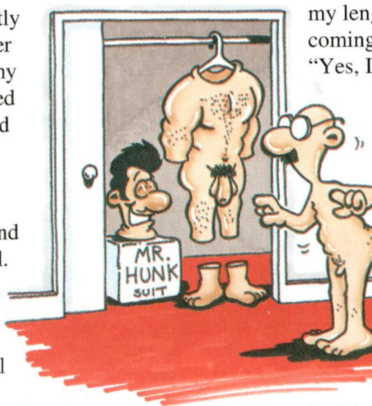
continued from page 90

she favoured a "hands-on" approach, while at the same time fixing me with a horny stare and lasciviously licking her lips. I put it down to my imagination, but Sara's flirting was getting increasingly outrageous. By the end of the day she was crossing and uncrossing her legs every two minutes, revealing her thin panties – and I was a stammering wreck.

I eventually managed to regain my concentration. "Is there anything you'd like to ask me?" I blurted out.

"Yes, there is actually," she purred sexily. "I've made it pretty obvious I fancy you – don't you like me?"

I was dumbfounded, but managed a meek nod. That was the only invitation Sara needed. She rose from her chair, walked over to my desk and stood behind me. Her hands rested on my shoulders and she started to gently massage them. Her hands ran down my tie, then she tugged it away and started to unbutton my shirt. Her fingers traced a line over my naked chest and down to my navel.



"You like that, don't you?" she whispered. I could feel her hot breath against my cheeks, her lips nibbling at my earlobe. My breathing got heavier and harder as she reached down and unzipped my flies, then pulled aside my boxer shorts. Her delicate hands reached inside and freed my cock. She walked around the chair and sat on my lap, then took hold of my hands and guided them to her breasts. I caressed her mounds gently, feeling the nipples harden under my fingertips, before she pulled off her top. Her tits were unbelievable; soft and round with dark, hard nipples that begged to be sucked. But before I had the chance, Sara stood up and wriggled out of her skirt.

She fixed me with a sexy gaze as she pulled down her knickers to reveal a sparsely shaven pussy. I wanted to pinch myself to prove that I wasn't dreaming!

She kicked off her stiletto shoes, placed one foot on my desk and unclasped her suspender belt, doing the same with the other leg too. It dropped to the floor leaving her naked, apart from her stockings.

Her attention then came back to me. She unbuckled my belt and pulled my trousers off. "Now then," she said excitedly, "let's see how this 'hands-on' approach works, shall we?"

Her head went down to my crotch and she slowly licked my balls, her soft fingertips stroking my thighs. I watched as her tongue rasped along the underside of my shaft and then over the swollen tip of my cock.

Her groaning intensified, and I could barely stand it any more. I stood up ever so slowly – Sara's lips still clamped around my cock as she moved with me – then threw off my shirt. Sara licked her way up my chest, before kissing me passionately. "I want you to fuck me now," she whispered. She turned around and then bent over the desk, parting her legs wide. "Take me doggy style," she pleaded.

I moved forward and rubbed her soft buttocks, parting her legs even wider. Then I eased my cock up into her hole, inch-by-inch. Her whole body tensed up and her back arched. "Oooh," she groaned, "that's good."

My hands moved to her tits and I circled my fingertips around her nipples, squeezing and pinching them gently. I started with long strokes, pulling my cock all the way out of her pussy and then powering my length back inside. "I'm coming," she moaned. "Yes, I'm coming..."

Then Sara let out a squeal that was beyond belief, and I took that as my cue to push even harder. She pushed back onto me and came at the same time, her hips bucking at the force of her orgasm. "Pull your cock out," she pleaded. "I want to taste your cream!"

I was still spraying hot come as Sara clamped her lips around my cock and sucked out the rest of my load. Once I couldn't come anymore, Sara took my cock out of her mouth and licked her lips, my cream dribbling out of her mouth. As I lay back exhausted, Sara climbed onto the desk and kneeled over my face. "Lick me out," she ordered.

I flicked my tongue in and out of Sara's pussy, occasionally licking the inside of her thighs which sent her right over the edge. Her hips bucked every time she felt my wet tongue dart deeper in and out of her warm hole. It was when I started to gently nibble on her clit that she released more of her warm cream and came again.

We both ended up collapsing onto the office floor with the exertion of it all, before I took the chance to invite Sara back to my place for some more 'hands-on' experience. Since then we've had the perfect working relationship! – *Jonathon, Edinburgh* ♣

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